

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

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OFFICES : 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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The State as Merchant

WE would like in all friendliness to urge upon the Government the great undesirability of their entering commercial markets as buyers and sellers. We quite understand the difficulties and the pressure that have led them to do this, probably against the better judgment of those concerned. They are thinking of the war and nothing but the war, and are doing many things as emergency Ministers of which they would not approve in the piping times of peace. Our reference is, of course, mainly to the agricultural situation. The position is simple enough. Farmers in response to exhortations to make them bring more land under the plough, have answered, "What we have under the plough is as much as we can deal with. It is impossible that we should take more unless we had additional forces of men, animals and machines." The Government practically replies: "It is of no use for us to urge you to do the impossible; but,

nevertheless, the food supply of this country must be raised to a much higher standard than at present. The only way is by cultivating more ground. If, with the facilities at your disposal, you cannot do this, then we must provide for you what is necessary." The next step was to ask the County War Agricultural Committees to go to the farmers in their districts and find out exactly what was needed to increase cultivation. Now, this was placing a very great deal of confidence in the County Committees. We do not say it was misplaced, for these bodies have done energetic and splendid work. At the same time they are very largely composed of farmers, some of them exclusively so, and it is no more than natural that even the most patriotic farmer should take a liberal view of the requirements necessary to extend his arable cultivation. At any rate, they are tempted to do so. Suppose, instead of the Government, there had been a great business firm anxious to make profit in some way or another. would they have asked the farmers to decide what are the requirements of the farmers?

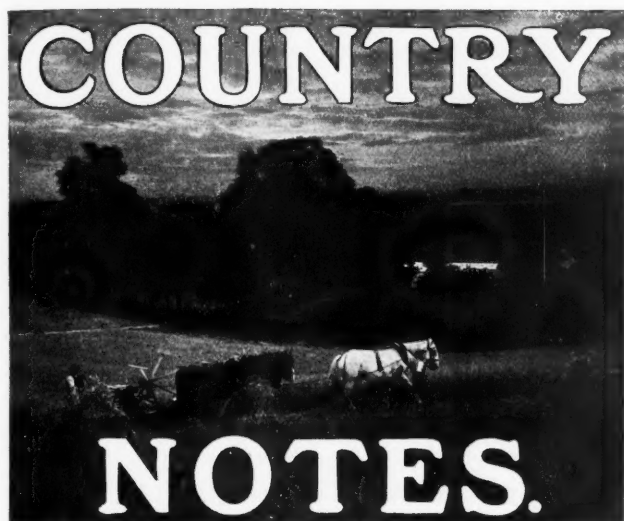
We do not think so, and do not believe that the farmers themselves would fail to acknowledge that this was not the wisest way to go about matters. It does not seem to benefit them, either, to any large extent. It is not as though there were but one way of achieving their object. In fact, a totally different method has been adopted in Ireland as was shown in our pages last week. They do not go to the Irish farmer and say: "We will buy for you what you lack and lend it to you." But they put forward the proposal that if the Irish occupier cares to buy such and such an engine or horse or anything else for his cultivation, they will advance a large proportion of the money. In Ireland, we are informed, the farmers are highly gratified at this proposal. They are obtaining first-rate farm equipment at a price they never dreamed of, and are quite content with what they openly call this "spoiling of the Sassenach." Even that is not an ideal scheme, but it seems to be much better than the one which has been put into force in this country, of which the first thing to say is that it has resulted in multiplying the officials. To this last process there seems no end whatever. Official is added unto official until one wonders if there is anybody who is not a director or controller of this, that, or the other thing. Parliament has been busy debating the petty details of the Corn Production Bill, but it has not asked and required a return of the expense that is being involved by the new turn which has been given to agricultural policy. It must be enormous. The country at the present moment will listen to nobody who preaches the old sane and simple doctrine of economy. Everything has been done absolutely regardless of expense, as though the various officials had received the command, "You are to achieve the object for which you are appointed and never count the cost." If that were the only way, the country would submit. In fact, it is submitting.

The decision has been arrived at and a good deal of the purchasing done, but a considerable amount remains to do. It would be useless to ask the Government to change their policy. They have gone too far for that. But they might certainly do something in the way of impressing upon all their purchasers the absolute necessity of driving as hard a bargain as if they were buying on their own account. In fact, a really high-minded official would feel it a point of honour to do this. He would rather make a bad bargain for himself than for his employers. Perhaps it may be said that this spirit is too ideal. Yet, it was not so in the time of William Pitt. Here was a man, lavish and even prodigal as far as his own means were concerned, but most strict and frugal in administering the funds of the Government of his country. He died a poor man, but left a fame that can never pale. Such examples as his should be looked to and followed as far as possible in this time of even greater stress than he knew. The reproach has often been heard that everybody in Great Britain, from the Government downwards, loves to teach economy to his neighbours, but does not always practice it himself.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a new portrait of Lady Honor Ward, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Dudley.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



NO day has been fixed for the march of the American soldiers through London, but the event will probably take place next week. It is a fine idea, and we feel sure that, although the exact date is for very good reasons not made public, the appearance of our cousins from across the Atlantic will be the occasion of a very cordial welcome. Everybody understands that the sending of an expeditionary force to Europe on the part of the United States is a new departure in history and likely to take its place as a war incident of far-reaching importance. It is not the mere appearance in London of a number of American soldiers, who would at any time be sure of a warm welcome, that is to be celebrated, but the practical application of the doctrine that questions of right have no geographical limits. It appears from the Kaiser's letter, published in the *Daily Telegraph*, that Wilhelm neither scrupled at falsehood nor misrepresentation in order if possible to secure the goodwill of President Wilson. He failed; not because President Wilson was lacking in pacific aspirations. There is nobody in the great anti-German confederation who entered more deliberately and reluctantly than the representative of the United States, but he was forced by degrees to the conviction that the German aims in this war were the subjugation of a great portion of the world and that their methods were deliberately a return to barbarism. The Kaiser attempted to do a wrong to the whole world; and it is because America has pledged herself to do her utmost to redress that wrong that the greeting which Great Britain will hold out to her soldiery has an ethical and symbolical value of its own.

A REMARKABLE letter from Mr. Prothero was read at a meeting of the Border Union Agricultural Society recently. It had been called to protest against the Government measure dealing with the slaughter of immature cattle, a matter which, as our readers know, is creating a great deal of discontent among grazing farmers. The Duke of Roxburghe presided and read the letter which he had received from the Minister of Agriculture. Mr. Prothero's defence is that this was no question of policy. He knew as well as the farmers that it is bad husbandry to kill immature animals, but it is a case of national necessity. For three years we have maintained our flocks and herds at an even higher level than in the days of peace, and we alone among belligerents are in this position. There has been a falling off both in allied and enemy countries. What it comes to is that in these times we cannot afford the expensive luxury of prime beef, which is beef in its least economical form. In the second place, there is an increased and an increasing shortage of feeding stuffs. In regard to what the farmers say about prices, Mr. Prothero delivered this very grave warning: "The level to which prices have been rising this year is not only a danger to the State, but a danger to the continued prosperity of agriculture, in that they were setting up a bitter and indiscriminating current of public opinion against all farmers."

IT was feared that the need of spraying potatoes was one of the lessons which would not be enforced as much as is desirable this year. The weather at the time when spraying begins was so exquisitely beautiful and so suitable to the healthy development of the potato that the laxer kind of grower was very much inclined to say spraying was not

worth while. But with the change of weather the danger of disease has become menacing. In fact, it has already broken out badly in Dorset and Devonshire, and the climatic conditions at the present moment are very suitable for its development. It was hoped that after the rain a good dry wind would spring up and carry off the superabundant moisture. Instead of that there came intervals of what country people call very muggy weather, that is to say, moist and warm. It was exactly of the kind most likely to encourage disease. If the potatoes are not affected it is not too late to spray them now, and we hope that all who have promising crops will take this method of ensuring health among them. It is advisable not only for the particular crop affected, but as a duty to neighbouring growers, as the disease spreads very easily from farm to farm.

IN regard to grain, the rain has undoubtedly done a great deal of harm. There is a proverb to the effect that "lodged crops never yet ruined a farmer," the assumption being that only heavy good crops failed to rise again. But the proverb was made in days when labour was plentiful and the corn was cut by hand. It really did not matter much to the wielder of the sickle or the scythe whether the straw was prostrate or upright. But in these days, when we depend chiefly upon machines, the lodging of the corn means a considerable depreciation in value. The action of excessive rain is not over-well understood by those who do not actually grow for themselves. As long as sap is rising from the root rain will not cause grain to sprout, even though it may look ripe; but when it becomes dead ripe, that is to say, when the flow of sap has ceased, it sprouts easily. Over the greater part of England it is fortunately true that the grain is not dead ripe, and therefore the damage is not irretrievable. But those who had cut their winter oats before the deluge have suffered irreparable loss. In some cases the green sprouting is over an inch in length and the crop is ruined.

TO THE DEAD SEAMEN.

Sleep! and the sweep of a sea-gull's wing
To your resting place a memory bring
Of twilight harbours, where quivering stars
Adrown in the ripples, reflect the lights
From the quiet ships at the jetty's side
Or swinging in stream to the changing tide.

Sleep! and the shadows of clouds which pass
Like a trailing veil o'er the meadow grass
Shall bring to you thoughts of the old home land
Where the grey fogs lie o'er the harbour towns,
And the sun comes out with a sudden gleam
Like a glorious dawn at the end of a dream.

Sleep! and the winds which roam above
Your resting place shall speak of love,
Which follows you over the earth and sea
And down to your grave and your spirit's place;
Little wind whispers which seek and follow
Over the foam and the waves green hollow.

Sleep!

M. G. MEUGENS.

ALLOTMENT holders have done splendidly with their potatoes, but they, and indeed all who are in the occupancy of cultivable land, must not grow wearied in their efforts or relax their determination. It is almost certain that the coming winter will be the hardest of the war. For the effect is cumulative. After Christmas there will be very little meat in the country; and unless foreign supplies are even larger than certain sanguine Ministers have led us to believe, there will be a shortage in bread. We are not pressing these points from any doubt of getting through, but in order to emphasise the advice which is given from several qualified quarters that while there is yet time winter crops should be prepared. Our experience in 1914 ought to be instructive at this moment. War was declared on August 4th, and few people realised for some time after that it would carry with it a scarcity of food in Great Britain. But as the weeks wore on this became evident, and then, even at that late period of the year, there was a wonderful amount of sowing and planting, with the result that an appreciable amount of food was added to the national store. With that experience to go upon, we can do even better now, and those who have gardens will do well to get the little pamphlet which the Royal Horticultural Society is issuing showing what

crops can be advantageously grown for winter or next spring; or, for the matter of that, they can read the instructions which from time to time are given in our own pages. The main thing is that no opportunity of increasing the winter food supply should be lost.

IN the country at the present moment there is a great deal of talk about the price of horses for agriculture. On the farms there is a sad lack of horses. Many farmers would be glad to buy them if they had the opportunity, but the Government steps in and is giving very high prices indeed. Nothing is thought of paying from £80 to £100 for a cart-horse that will be let out to the farmer at 12s. a week. This, on the face of it, seems a very uneconomical way of doing. If horses could be got from abroad so that there was an actual addition to the supply in this country, the proceeding could be defended, but what is happening is that horses are simply taken from places where they are doing excellent work and put to other work. Perhaps it may be argued that in cases where through death or other unavoidable cause a farm sale is held the Government is doing no harm by stepping in. This is fallacious. The stock of horses on the farm would be used in the natural course of things to supplement those on other farms. And Government buyers do not seem to consider the question of price in the same way as a private owner does, the result being an inflation of values which must prove mischievous in the end.

ANOTHER meddling in economy likely to have a disastrous effect is that of fixing the wages of soldier labour at 6s. a day in some counties and 7s. a day in others, with payment for overtime in addition. It cannot be expected that ordinary farm labourers can regard this with satisfaction. Their minimum wage is 4s. 2d. a day, or 25s. for a week of six days. It is difficult to obtain them for that, but 30s. is considered by them to be a good wage. Why should the soldier be paid at the rate of 42s. a week with overtime at 6d. an hour, which generally amounts to from 10s. to 15s. a week? The action of the Government in this, as in many other cases, appears to be, to say the least, inconsiderate; and although it may appear a small matter, it is just one of those actions which irritate and alienate the farmers. No doubt it is possible to turn to them and say that they are deriving great benefit from a very paternal Government. They are having tractors and implements of all kinds bought for them, they are insured against loss by the fixed prices of corn and, generally speaking, nursed up; but in this, as in other concerns, a little mistake of tact is capable of undoing much that is good and beneficial.

PARLIAMENT, which in these days can do anything, turned the sixth of August into the twelfth; in other words, it advanced the Festival of St. Grouse, as it used to be called in happier times, by six days. The idea of doing so was mooted last year, but refused. This year was about the worst known in history for advancing the opening of grouse shooting, as, owing to the prolonged and severe winter, nesting was very late, and it is not surprising to read in the papers of the great number of cheepers that were seen. It would appear that the birds also have suffered greatly from the length and severity of the frost. In North-East Yorkshire during the stormy weather great numbers came down to the low lands, and it is feared that only a small proportion returned. Some were too weak to get back and others were destroyed. Altogether it is evident that there would be little temptation to heavy shooting this year. The number of birds is very much less than usual, and from every quarter we hear of unlet moors.

WE in this country have watched the formation of a new ministry in Germany with practically one idea in our heads. It has been represented in the German papers that the Peace Resolution of the Reichstag was endorsed by Michaelis, and that his appointment was meant to embody the parliamentary spirit. But now the list of ministers is published and we see that parliament is steadily ignored. Two Prussian lawyers who happen to be members of the Prussian Lower House have been appointed to positions; but that signifies nothing, as office would in the ordinary course of things have been the crowning of their career. Beyond these, only officials have been admitted to the Ministry. They do not seem to be very well known even in their own country, and certainly are not in others. So that the inference is inevitable that Michaelis will work out the Hindenburg policy, and the Hindenburg policy emanates from the Kaiser.

LORD SELBORNE performed a service to the country in bringing before the House of Lords on Tuesday night the methods of distributing honours. He promises to resume the subject in the autumn. In these days, however, when it is most undesirable to produce avoidable contention, it seems to us that it would be far better to begin by the operation which may be called cleaning the slate. It is of little use to enquire into individual cases, as no one would dream of divesting men of honours that have been bestowed upon them. Nor is there any Whip or Prime Minister or political party more to blame than the rest. There is none worse, none better than another, and to institute enquiries and seek for confessions would only bring forth bitterness. The wiser plan would be to leave undisturbed all who have received honours, but to take strict measures for the purpose of seeing that in the future honour is only given where honour is due, and never in return for any cash payment, direct or indirect. It may be necessary at the same time to produce a new law governing the management of party organisations and party funds. In practical politics these are both necessary evils, but it ought to be possible to ensure that no pledge is exacted from any candidate, and no undertaking required that does not leave "his bosom franchised and allegiance clear." At the present time the candidate who goes to a party source for help to fight a constituency is asked as a condition to give a constant support to the party, and this is not good for the commonweal.

THE PRAYER.

When your tin Army breaks its line,
(At six) Nurse clears the War away,
And folding baby hands in mine,
I teach you, Dear, to pray.

"Bless all the soldiers" . . . First, your Dad,
Uncles, cousins, Nurse's young man.
"Please God, comfort all who are sad—"
So to-night's prayer ran.

As you kneel on my lap, tired eyes close,
Ruffled head droops; no fears dismay
Your faith—wiser it were (who knows?)
Could you teach me to pray!

JOYCE COBB.

IN Russia history is writing an irrevocable verdict on the dreams of those who imagine that a country can live without law and without discipline. Without absolute law strenuously maintained even the greatest country is powerless. The millions of Russian people ungoverned are a mere herd incapable of collective action, liable to the gravest mishaps. All the more interesting is it to watch the steady evolution of a sane power out of the chaos that reigned only yesterday. M. Kerensky's return to office and the appointment of General Korniloff to the position of Commander-in-Chief have been accompanied by conditions that render these two great men as autocratic each in his own department as any Czar could be. It is difficult to say whose task is the harder. But if the soldier does not answer to discipline and fight when it is his business to fight, he is slaughtered, and therefore it would appear that the first and most urgent business of the Russians is to establish their army on a firm basis. What could Oliver Cromwell have done in Great Britain if he had not ruled his Ironsides with the adamant will of a great general?

SOME instructive figures have been sent out by the Board of Agriculture for the purpose of showing to what extent the cost of growing an acre of wheat has increased owing to the war. The difference is that between £7 17s. 11d. in 1913 and £10 13s. 8d. in 1917 on one farm. The figures are instructive, even though a little puzzling. We do not understand, for instance, why the interest on working capital and the entry under general expenses and sundries should both be smaller for this year than they were for 1913. Rent, rates and insurance remain practically the same; the difference in the cost of threshing and delivery only amounts to 1s. 6d.; but a great rise has taken place in the cost of labour and manures. Cultivation has increased from £1 13s. 8d. to £3 10s., harvesting from 15s. 10d. to £1 3s. 9d., and manures and share of cleaning expenses from £1 2s. 9d. to £1 16s. We are told that these figures do not represent an average, but have been taken from the accounts of skilful farmers working on a considerable scale. It would not appear that the skilful farmer has been gambling much in manure. The largest outlay is £2 10s. an acre.

ENLIVENING AGRICULTURE

VI.—NORTHUMBERLAND.

NEWCASTLE has been chosen as the headquarters of the Northumberland Agricultural War Committee. Meetings are held and business transacted in the Moothall, situated well but inconspicuously at the back of the old castle. The county town is more associated with manufacturing than crop-growing, but it has a great market and is a convenient gathering place for the leading men of this large county. Its wings are Alnwick on the one side and Hexham on the other, two small but thriving agricultural towns.

Northumberland was one of the last districts in Great Britain to be settled. Down to the end of the eighteenth century the tradition of reiving survived, and even late in the nineteenth century there were some who remembered the cottage roofs of turf, a covering thought good enough when one of the Scotts or Elliots would take it into his head to ride a foray. Fire and sword were his instruments, cattle-stealing his object, pitiless waste the result. This kind of thing greatly retarded agricultural progress. But the advance was quick once a start had been made. Men like Grey of Dilston and Cully of Copeland Castle helped greatly both by precept and example. Agricultural Northumberland of to-day lags behind no other county. Its liberal provision for education and research has attracted many eminent men, such as Professor Somerville and Professor Middleton in the past and Professor Gilchrist in the present.

When under war pressure a County Agricultural Committee was formed in 1915, Lord Armstrong was elected Chairman, and Mr. C. Williams, Hon. Secretary. It was no light or easy task that had been laid on them. It never was a great corn producing county. Of its total cultivated area in 1870, which amounted to 668,462 acres, only 38,485, or one acre in eighteen, were allotted to wheat, and in the prosperous years which followed wheat declined and barley increased. The total arable in 1870 was 329,733 acres, or rather less than half of the cultivated 668,462 acres. But in 1916 this had shrunk to 177,886 as against more than half a million in permanent grass. Much of the shrinkage occurred in the nineties of last century. During the first year of its existence the duties of the War Committee were not clearly defined, and it was only after the appointment of an Executive Committee on February 5th of the present year that a serious attempt was made to grapple with the problem. However, it proved to be in good hands. At the first meeting Sir Francis E. Walker, Bart., principal agent to the Duke of Northumberland, who combines an exceptional knowledge of Northumbrian agriculture with a fine business capacity, was chosen to be Chairman. At the same time Mr. C. Williams was made Hon. Secretary. Mr. Williams is a man of great tact and tireless energy, already well known in the county by his public work, especially that connected with education. The business of making a survey was set about with all diligence. For this purpose the county was divided into eleven districts, corresponding broadly to the Rural District areas. In each district a member was appointed who was requested to nominate local Survey Committees of three members. Some 125 Survey Committees were appointed. The interesting point is that each of these Survey Committeemen

was a farmer. And that was arranged for educational purposes. It was felt that appointment to such a body would cause farmers to give real thought to the scheme and its purpose. It answered splendidly. Few had previously realised that the war would make it necessary to take drastic action with such as were not cultivating the land to the best advantage. They looked at the farms of their neighbours with new eyes. What was still more to the point, they were forced to think of their own. Light streamed in on the situation, discussed, we may be sure, at kirk and market or wherever farming folk met. Events justified the course that had been taken. Its first and most enduring effect was to create an understanding of and a sympathy with the policy enunciated at headquarters and put into practice by the War Committee.

A summary of the recommendations of the Survey Committees gives the following approximate result:

	Acres.
Grassland suitable for ploughing	30,000
Grassland which requires improving	45,000
Tillage land which requires improving	4,000
Seeds which might with advantage be ploughed	3,000

The recommendations of the Survey Committees were scheduled and a copy sent to the owner or owner's agent with a circular letter. Although the area of grassland scheduled as suitable for ploughing by the Survey Committees was perhaps inadequate, the work on the whole was well done and was of far-reaching educational value. It unquestionably paved the way for further developments.

To supplement the survey, the Executive Committee found that it was necessary to request each occupier to make a return. In this return the occupier was requested to state the acreage of grassland broken out since 1915, what he proposed to do this autumn, and what he would be prepared to do if assistance were afforded. The result of these enquiries was as follows:

(A) 7,198 acres of grassland have been broken out since 1915.

(B) 15,576 acres are proposed to be broken out this autumn.

(C) 3,506 acres might be ploughed if additional labour, horses and machinery are available.

A substantial reduction must, however, be made from the total under "B," as many occupiers appear to have included under this category ley land which is to be broken out next autumn in the ordinary course of rotation.

These returns have been scheduled under each parish, and with the maps coloured according to the recommendations of the Survey Committees (the boundaries of the

different farms being shown) have been referred to the District Sub-Committees. The District Sub-Committees were requested to make a definite recommendation regarding each holding where grassland should be ploughed out, with particulars of the assistance required.

Sub-Committees have been appointed for (a) labour, (b) machinery, (c) supplies, with special officers to deal with the questions referred to. The Executive Committee has considered the requirements which it will be necessary to anticipate if the estimated area of land to be ploughed out is dealt with for the harvest of 1918.

In the summary printed above a substantial reduction must be made from the total under B, as many occupiers



A VERY MODERN SHEPHERDESS.

included under this category ley land which is to be broken up next autumn in the ordinary course of rotation. It is calculated that in addition to what occupiers have intimated they are prepared to do, at least 40,000 acres must be dealt with. For this, additional labour, horses and machinery will be required. The following is a copy of the provision which the Food Production Department has been informed it is necessary to anticipate if the programme is to be carried out:

10 Tractor Units of 11 Tractors each, with the men required to work them.

400 pairs of horses, with harness complete, including single and double swingletrees.

N.B.—It will probably be sufficient if 200 pairs of horses are available for the autumn and 200 in the spring.

100 Wheel Digger Ploughs.

400 Medium Harrows.

100 Disc Harrows.

200 Cambridge or plain iron rollers.

100 Drills, either coulter or broadcast.

200 Carts with frames.

400 Horsemen.

200 Labourers.

The Department has been requested to give directions as to the arrangements to be made for the accommodation of horses and men, if in certain parts of the county it is necessary for provision to be made, supplies of fodder, small implements, etc.

It has also been informed that the Committee will submit a supplementary estimate as to reaping and binding machines, bogies, threshing machines, etc., which will be required next year.

Labour was a difficulty in Northumberland, as elsewhere, but the county possessed one advantage that must have been almost peculiar to itself. In the census of 1911 13,386 men were returned as employed in agriculture and 3,324 women. Now these women are the descendants of the sturdy bondagers who occupied so much attention what time Bishop Fraser was writing his famous report. They are strong, active young women brought up to work on the land, and nearly as good as men on it. Here was a very solid nucleus. In 1916 an important step was taken in the establishment of the Northumberland Guild of War Agricultural Helpers. It

proved to be a very excellent organisation. In each area a warden was appointed as the responsible officer for the work of the Guild, and the warden appointed sub-wardens, so that by December, 1916, there were seventeen wardens and 140 sub-wardens, and a considerable number of women had been placed in permanent positions on the land, while a still larger number of casual workers had been registered for such work as singling turnips, making hay, lifting potatoes, cutting thistles, pulling turnips and so on. The records show that 675 helpers worked 10,798 days with very satisfactory results. It is rather curious to read from the reports that came from different districts that in many places the farmers did not respond very cordially. "No demand for women" is a statement in regard to Bedlington Urban; at Belford, "farmers are not in need of labour in this district." But, generally speaking, the Guild learned by experience that there is a great deal of work on the land which any woman can do if she has the will and the constitution. There is no need for special training for many of the manual operations of the farm; but it was recognised that certain work requires training, particularly that of the dairy, while it is conceded that some of the work is too hard. Ploughing, for example, is not exactly suitable for feminine hands. In process of time the Board of Agriculture wished to bring the Guild of Agricultural Helpers into line with the other labour. Mrs. Middleton of Belsay Castle, who had already shown herself a spirited worker and good organiser, was made the official Organising Secretary for the Board of Agriculture, but the Guild still retained its name and its officials, the President being the Duke of Northumberland and the Vice-Presidents Lord Armstrong and Mrs. Straker. It has done a good deal more than the organisation of the village women. Recently a hostelry has been established where girls are taught farmwork by experienced farmers. After a month's training they are drafted to permanent situations on the farms, and hitherto have done very well. Arrangements have also been made with practice farms, where the girls can get experience and instruction in the tasks lying before them. Where necessary the Board of Agriculture and the local education authority met the cost of providing instruction in farmwork for women, and it is in accordance with this that the scheme has been drawn up.

MACHINERY FOR MODERN FARMERS

BY "PLOUGHSHARE."

THE "WALLIS-JUNIOR" TRACTOR.

LAST week I reported the results of some motor-ploughing tests between three different makes and types of tractors, and I also called attention to the fact that trials of short duration are not to be relied upon as establishing the all-round superiority of any individual machine. I feel that I ought to start with this reminder, as the tractor trial I am about to refer to is so convincing in its publishable results that one might easily lose sight of the fact that longer and more varied tests are desirable. At the same time, it is only fair to state that the Wallis-Junior Tractor, which is the subject of my article, exhibits no weakness from which one might infer that it is not on a par with the best machine made of its particular type.

From my brief experience of the Wallis-Junior I am inclined to

think that it is quite one of the best examples in this country of the general purpose farm tractor (exclusive of road work); that is to say, a tractor suitable for cultivating and harrowing, etc., as well as for ploughing.

It is advanced in design and has many commendable features, chief among which are:

(1) The complete enclosing of all working parts from dust and water and the provision of automatic lubrication to every moving part.

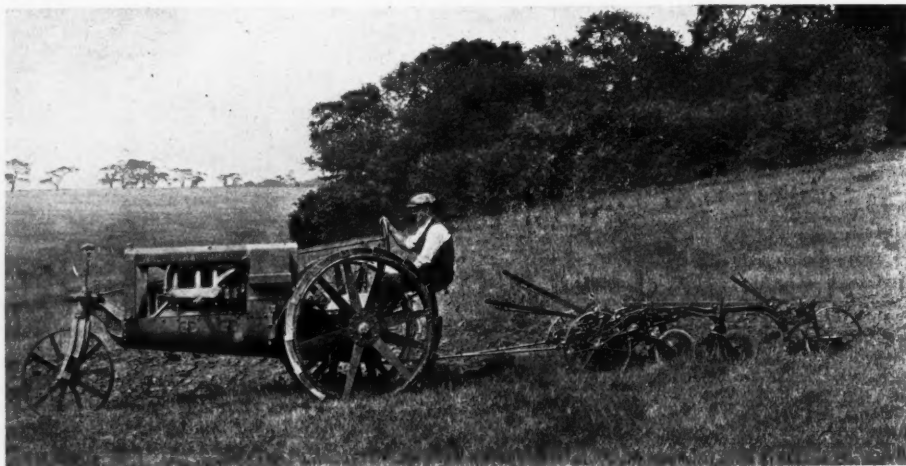
(2) The four-cylinder 20 h.p. vertical engine with all wearing parts readily accessible.

(3) Friction reducing roller bearings.

(4) Provision of two gear ratios to cope with varying conditions.

(5) Light weight (approximately 27 cwt.).

The net result of the care evidenced in design and workmanship of the machine is a drawbar pull which is



This view shows that the front wheel is spring-mounted, and gives a good idea of the construction of the machine.



Showing single steering wheel. The system of construction provides "three point suspension" for tractor, preventing strains due to uneven ground.



The Wallis-Junior at work. This and the accompanying illustrations show that the field was by no means level.

claimed by its makers to be over 3,000lb. at its maximum, and though I cannot, from my own knowledge, vouch for the correctness of this claim, I consider it most probable that there is justification for it, as the results obtained while ploughing could not be attained if the efficiency at the drawbar were much less.

A trial of the machine took place at Banstead a few days ago and was primarily intended as a test of fuel consumption, and it is much to my regret that the trial could not be made at the same time and place as the trials reported by me in the last issue of COUNTRY LIFE.

The Wallis-Junior would have added interest, as each additional machine would have afforded a separate basis of test for comparison one with another. However, the trial of the Wallis-Junior, though robbed of competitive interest, affords most useful data on account of the very high efficiency indicated by the following figures, which are the result of the trial: Acreage ploughed, 2 acres; depth of ploughing, about 6½ins.; time, 1hr. 51mins.; fuel consumption, almost exactly 4 gallons of paraffin. The soil, as will

be seen from the accompanying illustrations, was grass covered loam with a certain amount of flint and chalk. It had not been ploughed up for about fourteen years past.

Since the above trial I have been informed of three tests on other farms (at one of which two representatives

of the Board of Agriculture were present), and on each occasion, allowing for different circumstances, the results were substantially the same in effect as reported above. In each case the plough used was a Case Self-lift plough cutting three 1½in. furrows, the driver of the tractor being also in control of the plough.

I hope to have the opportunity before long to see the

Wallis-Junior at work ploughing some really stiff clay and with one or more other tractors of known quality doing similar work alongside.

TRANSPLANTING BY MACHINERY.

I HAVE received from Mr. L. M. Marshall a very interesting letter about a machine for transplanting tobacco plants,

accompanied by some photographs which I am reproducing in this issue. My correspondent has gone to a considerable amount of trouble to work out figures showing the saving that might be effected by the use of such a machine for transplanting cabbages and other similar plants, but, unfortunately, the war has upset the bases of his costs and therefore I do not quote his figures.

Any transplanting machine which would save labour and time would be a great boon to market gardeners and others who cater on a large scale for the early markets, and the tobacco planting machine illustrated might well serve as the foundation of a British-built machine to meet home requirements.

At the present time the use of these machines is almost confined to the tobacco growers of the Southern States of America and to the sweet potato growers of the Eastern States, consequently the transplanting machines have been made to suit their special requirements. However, there seems to be very little in connection with the U.S.A. requirements which might not apply here if the experiment were



Transplanting tobacco by machine—a steady, slow team is necessary for this work.



Rear view of the planting machine, showing the crew at work.



Tobacco that was planted by machine

tried. The machine works as follows: A shovel or shoe opens a furrow to the depth required, two boys riding on the machine drop plants into the furrow at the correct spacings, and at the same time about half a pint of water is discharged into the furrow round each plant. A pair of discs following closely behind closes the furrow and draws the earth round the plant, the dry top earth forming a mulch to prevent too rapid evaporation of the water from round the roots.

It will be seen that a driver and two boys are necessary to man the machine, and it is stated that this combination can plant five acres of cabbages per day as compared with

one acre by a man and boy working on the usual hand planting system. Some of the machines are equipped to discharge artificial fertilisers along with the water around the plant, so that besides the direct saving in time of planting, other highly advantageous operations can be performed without extra labour.

In these days of higher wages and shortage of labour a machine which would enable one man and two boys to plant as many acres as five men and five boys by hand, and to do the work perfectly, would be a great asset, and it is to be hoped that some such machine will soon be made available over here.

THE SILENCE OF THE MOORS

By J. M. DODINGTON.

MAJOR ALISON watched the guns disappear round the elbow of the hill. They were only three in number, but in years they made up between them the handsome total of two centuries. "Gad, we're a magnificent lot o' greybeards!" the laird had murmured as the trio, with their equally ancient retainers, set out from the gravel sweep before the hall door. "It's a pity ye can't join us, Alison—a youth of forty-five would bring down our average fine!"

"The youth" smiled and shook his head: "If half a man is forty-five, how old would a whole man be? Work that out by rule of three and you'll see that your average is better without me," he said—by this mad arithmetic alluding to the fact that he had left his right leg across the Channel with his left arm to keep it company. "But I'll maybe hirple up as far as Cochrage Moor by and by."

"Ay, do that, and we'll work back that way and have lunch at the Kelpies' Well. Just a snack, for the ladies are not coming out to-day. Well, we'll meet, then, at one, or maybe half-past."

But it was long before that hour that Major Alison took his slow way towards the moor. In fact the shooting party had not long vanished round the shoulder of the brae before, leaning heavily on his stick, he began the toilsome journey along the winding path by the burn. Somehow, kind as his hostess was, more than sympathetic as were the ladies of the house-party, in these days he had an indescribable longing to be alone, a craving for complete solitude. He was himself more than surprised at this strange development, for he had hitherto, he thought, been a sociable sort of fellow. But now even the neighbourhood of his nearest and dearest was at times more than he could bear, while the presence of his servant in his room of a morning—"fussing round," so he described Johnson's swift, silent ministrations—drove him to distraction. . . . But a doctor would have explained his symptoms very simply: "Nerves." Nerves completely unstrung by the terrible sights which he had witnessed, nerves absolutely shattered by the frightful rush and wail of shell and shrapnel, the terrific shock of their impact. Noise, noise, thrice-awful noise, ceasing never, day or night.

Well, well, it was all over now for him, a maimed cripple . . . but curiously enough it was only since it had been over that his nerves had so clamorously asserted themselves. One would have thought that at least here by the burn there would have been perfect peace! But no; it babbled and chattered incessantly—here splashing over a ledge of rock, there gurgling round a tree stump. And the sunlight flashing on its ripples hurt his eyes. The rattle of a cart came from the white ribbon of road which wound downwards through the glen, at the home-farm a dog was barking loudly and incessantly, in a field across the burn a calf was bellowing lustily for sustenance. With an irritated gesture Alison turned away from the burn and passing through a gate in the drystone dyke plunged into the fragrant depths of the woods which climbed the lower slopes of the moor. Startled by his abrupt entrance into their haunts two jays flew, with a chorus of hoarse squawks, from the gloom of a thicket. The Major jumped, and for a few minutes his heart beat thickly. "What a fool I am!" he muttered angrily.

A woodcutter's path wound among the red-brown boles of pines and the slender pillows of silver birch; on its thick mossy carpet his footsteps made no sound, beneath the boughs that met overhead all was soft green fragrance—almost, almost, the angel of peace laid her cool hand upon his fevered spirit. . . . Then—a crackle and a crash amid the undergrowth, a roe deer bounded across the path; almost at the same instant there was a great flapping of wings overhead as from the top-most branches of a pine a capercaillie soared upward.

The Major stood stock still for a moment, then with a short groan moved forward as quickly as a cripple might. "I must get out of this," he murmured, with his eyes fixed ahead upon the sunlight which showed between the thinning tree trunks.

The moor at last. The Major struck the ancient disused track which led to the old peat-moss, climbed slowly and painfully its steep ascent, rounded the mass of "craggs in wild confusion hurled," cautiously descended the sloping hill-flank—and was "alone on a wide moor" . . . All around him, as far as his eye could reach, stretched an endless sea of purple heather, above him spread an endless sea of pale blue ether upon which no tiniest cloudlet floated. In the stillness of hot noontide there was neither hum of insect nor song of bird. Silence brooded over the vast spaces of empty earth and empty sky—silence ineffable, profound. With a long, long sigh, Alison lay down upon a springy bed of thyme and closed his hot eyes. Weary brain and shattered nerves steeped themselves in the blessed silence as in waters of healing.

"Silence brooded over the vast spaces of empty earth and empty sky." But were earth and sky empty? As the tired man lay in a very rapture of repose it seemed to him as if his spirit left his maimed body and became part of the ambient universe. And then there passed before him a Great Company—not as he had last seen them, lying stark and grim in death, or torn into pitiful fragments of humanity, but as they had been in the joyous days of their strong young manhood. Only with something added—a wonderful Something—

There was Alec Cameron, who had been caught by a shell just as he was coming into the trench to take over the command of "A" Company; there was Bobby White, shot through the heart at the very moment of his going over the top; there were Denison and Arnold and Southey, found in a dreadful heap among the shattered tree trunks of High Wood. These, and many, many more. . . . But all, as they passed him by, were without wound or scratch, all turned their eyes upon him with an ineffable smile in their shining depths, and "It was worth it all"—he could hear the very tones of each well remembered voice—"worth all the sacrifice, all the suffering. And now we have passed into Peace. Perfect Peace! Peace Eternal!"

"I'm thinking we shall be a little late for our grub." With some difficulty the laird extracted his great turnip of a watch from his fob, and gazing at its moon-white face made a series of abstruse calculations. "Ay, we must be making for Cochrage at once, or poor Alison will be wearying for his lunch. . . . Not that he's ever got much of an appetite in these days, poor chap," he added with a sigh.

"He's made a marvellous recovery, though," said MacLean of Stronalsch, who had studied medicine in his youth, and was declared by the old wives of the glen to be worth all the professional doctors put together.

"Yes, he has. At one time his folk had given up all hope—however, his splendid constitution pulled him through. But, poor chap, what sort of a life will his be, now? Half a man, he calls himself—the poor fellow. But the body's not the worst part of the job, I'm thinking. It's easy to see that the mind has got a terrible shaking. So changed, poor lad, from his old cheery self—one would never know him for the same man."

"Is it to be wondered at?" asked Robertson of Glencroy, gruffly. He had lost two sons in Flanders. "It has not been exactly 'roses, roses all the way' out yonder!"

"Na, faith!" The laird gave a short, sharp sigh as he thought of his only son, thrice wounded, but out again and at 'em. "Ah well, poor Alison! He's done his bit for his country if ever a man did. No need to have gone out at his age—was offered over and over again a nice, safe job on the Staff. Not he! The front, the fighting front—nothing but that would serve him!"

"How long is he to be with you?" asked Stronalsch.

"As long as ever I can induce him to stay. But he's restless, terribly restless, poor fellow."

Stronalsch paused beside a big grey rock and looked round upon the great, still sea of moorland, the great, still vault of ether bending over it.



B. Ward Thompson.

THE SILENCE OF THE MOORS.

Copyright.

"Keep him—keep him. Make him stay. For it is here, if anywhere, that he will find peace."

The laird looked at him, a long, solemn look—then as solemnly nodded his grizzled head. . . .

The three friends walked on for a few minutes in silence, then, as they rounded the shoulder of the knoll: "Where is Alison?" asked Glencroy. "Didn't you tell him we should meet at the Kelpies' Well?"

"I did," said the laird—"and there he is by the broom-bush, having a bit of a rest after his toilsome walk, poor chap."

They came up to the recumbent figure and stood looking down upon it.

But this was not the man whom they had left that morning by the hall door. That man's brow had been deeply furrowed, this sleeper's brow was smooth; the hard lines of pain around

the firmly compressed mouth were gone, and this man's half-open lips were curved into a smile—his breast rose and fell as regularly as that of a slumbering child.

As they stood looking down upon him he opened his eyes. The smile that still lingered on his lips was in their depths also.

"Hallo!" he cried cheerily, "lunch time, is it? And jolly glad I am—for, Jove! ain't I peckish? Hope there'll be rabbit pie, if rations run to it! . . . Well, what sport?"

"No that bad," replied the laird. "Sandy will lay out the birds on the heather in a minute. Twenty-three brace. No so bad for three old fellows, shooting over dogs in the old-fashioned way, is it, Stronalsch?"

But Stronalsch had turned away and was gazing out over the wide moorland: "Healing in its pure breath; peace, perfect peace, in its heavenly silence," he murmured softly.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' LEAVE

By E. L. TURNER.

ONCE upon a time the bird lover could sail gaily out to some seagirt rock and spend days, or even weeks, lazily watching the domestic life of a colony of birds. Perhaps terns have exercised more fascination over the bird photographer than any other species because of their dainty beauty and airy grace. Moreover, terns in the mass are comparatively tame so long as the intruder remains passive, but any slight movement on his part rouses the whole colony to activity. When alarmed the birds rise in a dense mass. Suddenly the great blue dome overhead is blotted out by what appears to be a whirling snowdrift. The sunlit silence becomes a crashing symphony of wild cries. There is beauty that blinds and sound that deafens. The soul of the bird lover becomes drunk with the poetry of motion. His limbs almost refuse to drag his body over the slippery rocks when the call comes to weigh anchor. It needs the sting of the salt sea spray as the little boat slips from the sheltered bay into the rough cross currents to galvanise him into life and activity, and life is good in a boat that thrills at each rough embrace of an

advancing wave. But this was long ago in the dream days "before the war." Now the universe is in the melting-pot, and one's little life a mere bubble in the seething vortex.

Now, "twenty-four hours' leave" means a dash to the nearest coast, every stage of which is hindered by a wise paternal Government which discourages gadding. The residuum of hours left at one's disposal is spent on an iron seat close to a fashionable promenade. The seat is as close to the edge of the cliff as possible. Behind, an endless stream of soldiers and girls passes to and fro. The gay and the game, the gay and the foolish, with a large percentage of men clad in "the blue badge of honour," yet still both gay and game, and sometimes foolish.

The sea is always the sea, though its waves lap the shores of a town and fret themselves among the iron network of a pleasure pier instead of hurling their giant strength against unyielding basaltic rocks. The sky is the same sky; the wind is as clean and the great white clouds are as luminous as those which piled themselves up in masses



E. L. Turner.

"THE BIRDS RISE IN A DENSE MASS. . . . A WHIRLING SNOWDRIFT."

Copyright.

above the eddying storm of sea birds on those far-off rocks. Beneath me in the bushes a bullfinch pipes, and some warblers call to one another. A few immature gulls skim over the waves. Out at sea a dark line of scoters may be seen. A cormorant passes up the Channel; he is far from his breeding haunts and apparently engaged up-

on no particular business. A solitary whimbrel appears from nowhere and makes straight for the land. Restlessly he flies to and fro over the houses. His plaintive call note seems singularly out of place among the chimneystacks. After some seconds of restless uncertainty he gets his bearings and heads straight for the distant marsh. There "On a marsh that was old ere kings began" he may find congenial companionship or a solitude perhaps more congenial still. I watched the whimbrel till he was lost in the distance, and the wailing notes died away into silence. This unexpected advent brought with it a breath of romance, which seemed to vanish as the bird dwindled into nothingness. "Ah! Whence, and Whither flown again, who knows?" One's imagination, stimulated for the moment, lapsed into inertia.

All at once the air became filled with fresh vibrations. A momentary hush fell upon the chattering groups around. All eyes were turned upwards to a point in the sky where some distant specks rapidly materialised into a little squadron of aeroplanes. On they came, winging their way with strong purposeful flight across the Channel. They were low enough down to enable one to take in details. A group of wounded men leaning over some railings broke out into aeronautic slang and technicalities. But a solitary civilian raised his hat and stood bare-headed until the last of the squadron vanished in the haze. Was this homage rendered to the spirit of Romance and Eternal Youth? Or was it a tribute to the memory of some gallant boy who had flown to his splendid doom? Who knows!

Soon a single biplane flew into vision and hung over the sea, hovering for a moment as a seagull hovers over a shoal of fish. Suddenly it shot upwards, then swooped down, recovered and soared high up, and then glided down in a series of wide spirals. All this was done with the grace and leisured ease of a seagull whiling away a still summer evening.

Then after a swift climb upwards its tactics changed. The stately gull was transformed into a whirling lapwing lost in the ecstasy of his spring display. It dived and recovered, swooped down in short rapid spirals, soared, turned over, and seemed to miss destruction by a hair's breadth every moment. Its wing music was louder than that of a whole battalion of lapwings, and like them it seemed dominated by the sheer joy of living. In phlegmatic British aeronautic language it was only practising "stunts"—a prosaic word which covers all that makes for romance in modern life: iron nerve, coolness and courage, dash and daring hitherto undreamt of, delicacy of touch, skill and mastery of mechanism. Yet above and beyond all these qualities, that intangible something we call individuality. The mere machine becomes a live thing responsive to the will of the pilot and almost as much a part of the man as a bird's wing is part of the bird. This practising of stunts is not mere show any more than the zigzag flight of a snipe is a pose. The tactics both of the airman and of the snipe are the result of experience—acquired in the one case, and inherited in the other. For, whereas the snipe and the hawk have had centuries in which to develop their methods of attack and



"STILL GAY AND GAME."

With Miss Turner care for the wounded has now taken the place of ornithology.

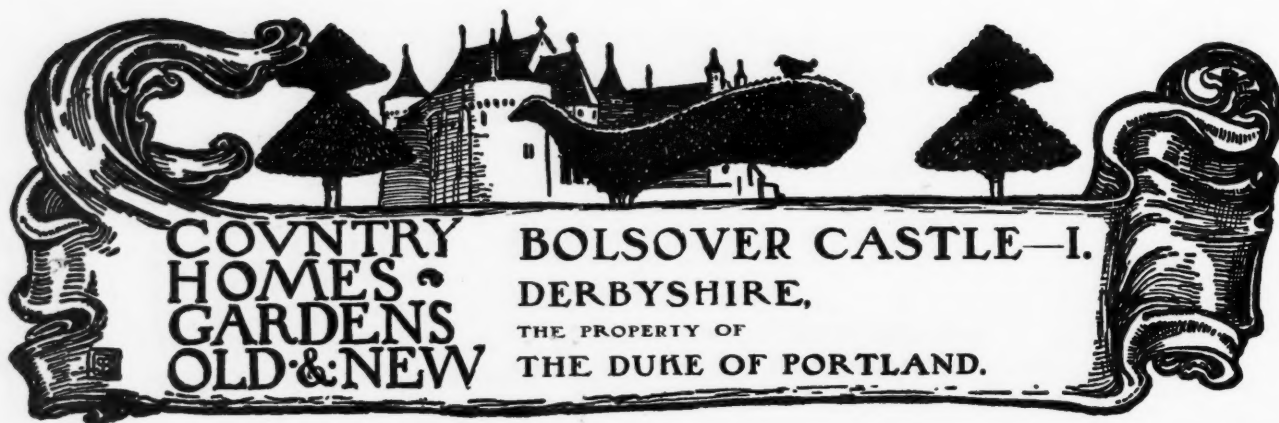
defence, the airman is a thing of to-day. Writing in 1912, Mr. F. W. Healdley says: "The most experienced pilot is a mere novice compared with a bird that has flown many times every day since he left the nest. Still, birds as fliers have already reached their zenith; for aviators, greater things are still possible." ("Flight of Birds,"

page 28.) Some years ago, when an aeroplane was indeed a *rara avis*, I hired a bungalow on a sandy shore in order to watch the spring migration. There happened to be a privately owned aviation shed near. My youthful companion and I neglected our bird watching whenever we thought there was the ghost of a chance of this machine coming out. We had never examined an aeroplane at close quarters or seen one start. Day after day we were disappointed, but one evening the droning of the engines roused us from our occupations. We scrambled up the sand hills just in time to see the aeroplane rise. It circled above us once or twice, then descended suddenly at too sharp an angle. The runners dug deep into the wet sand and the machine slowly turned turtle. It was rather a thrill for our first experience. But the pilot stepped nonchalantly out from topsy turveydom and there were many willing hands to help him extricate his machine and push it up the slope and into its shed.

As long as flying makes such splendid demands upon the individual it will attract the youth of all nations with irresistible magnetism. There are the thrill and exhilaration of flight through space, the "One crowded hour of glorious bliss" when the fight comes—a gallant fight between equals, in which even the Hun shows chivalry. Small wonder, then, that every smooth-cheeked schoolboy wishes to fly, and probably has undertaken his "solo-flip" before his mother is aware of his intentions! Are we not told almost every day that this war will be ended in the air? Have not the superb developments of the Air Service revolutionised modern war and added a new clause to the Litany? And after the war? As I sat dreaming away my precious hours by the sea I thought of a little letter which appeared in *The Field* of December 14th, 1915. It was headed "The Height at which Birds Fly." Apart from the scientific interest of the letter, the romance of the whole situation thrilled me when I read it: "While flying on duty between Bethune and La Bassée at a height of 8,500ft. this afternoon (November 26th) I was astonished to see a flock of about 500 ducks or geese passing over Bethune at least 3,000ft. above the level of our machine. The wind was about 45-50 m.p.h. N.N.E., and the birds were travelling due south. They were flying at a tremendous speed and were soon out of sight, as we were flying north.

"About a quarter of an hour afterwards a small flock of green plover passed just under our machine, which was then nearly 9,000ft. We turned down-wind to chase them, but lost sight of them. . . ."

Does not this simple statement open up immense vistas for the future ornithologist fond of thrills—and what ornithologist is not? "We turned down-wind to chase them." Why not! When men have ceased to pit their best brains against each other for the purpose of winning this vast killing match, when "all travelling by land and water and air" are free to come and go as they choose, why not charter some type of aircraft and a pilot and follow migratory hordes from start to finish? What a chance for the future bird photographer!



"DO not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy; and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy."

These words of Charles Lamb well express thoughts that must have passed through the minds of many visitors to

Bolsover Castle in the county of Derby. This castle has much to recommend it to the antiquary. It is a striking object which is sure to attract the attention of the traveller, and to leave a strong impression upon him. It stands on a ridge of limestone from 560ft. to 580ft. above the sea level, commanding the prospect of an extensive valley, and its lofty elevation makes it a landmark in the surrounding country. The facts known concerning its early history have interest of the kind that is called antiquarian, but it is not

until the seventeenth century that personal and architectural interest centres in the present structure. Early in that century it became one of the homes of famous progenitors of its present noble owner, but some two centuries have elapsed since it was used by any of them for residential purposes. Time has not annihilated the line of its possessors; it has confirmed their preference for another residence which they have owned for an equally long period. Despite all its proud memories the castle is shorn of its ancient glories, and it remains the untenanted shell of the architectural ambitions of those who built and rebuilt it in the dim past.

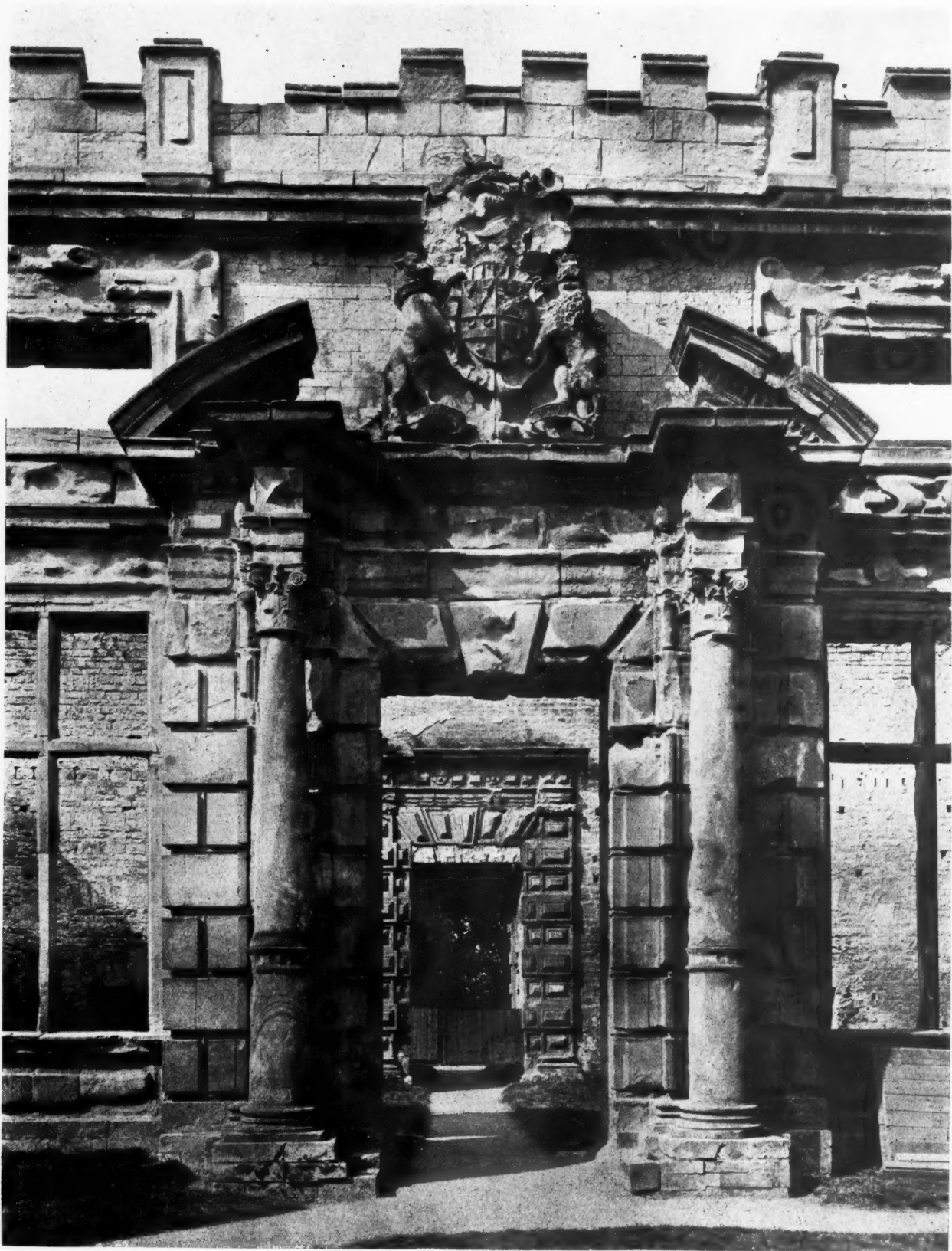
Domesday Book records the fact that at the time of the making of the Great Survey the manor of *Belesovre* was in the tenure of one Robert, and that its owner was William Peverel, whose name has gained immortality in history and romance in connection with the Peak. As the Great Survey makes no reference to a castle at Bolsover, it may be concluded that one did not exist in the year 1086. There is no doubt, however, that a castle was erected there in the Norman period, and the builder was probably William Peverel the third. Dugdale recognised only two



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DETAIL OF THE KEEP PORCH.

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DOORWAY IN THE RUINS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

men of this name, but modern writers generally consider that there were three of them in succession: father, son and grandson.

The first is described by Mr. Freeman as "a Norman adventurer of unknown origin," who became one of the greatest landowners in the shires of Derby and Nottingham. The second was the founder of Lenton

Priory, and his wife's name is given by Thoroton as Adelina. He is stated to have died about 1113. William Peverel the third for a long time detained from the Priory certain gifts made to it by his mother. Of this, however,

by his wife, Avicia de Lancaster. (Dugdale: "Monasticon," 1830, VI, 361.)

In the struggle of the Empress Maud and her son, Henry of Anjou, against King Stephen, Peverel adhered to the cause

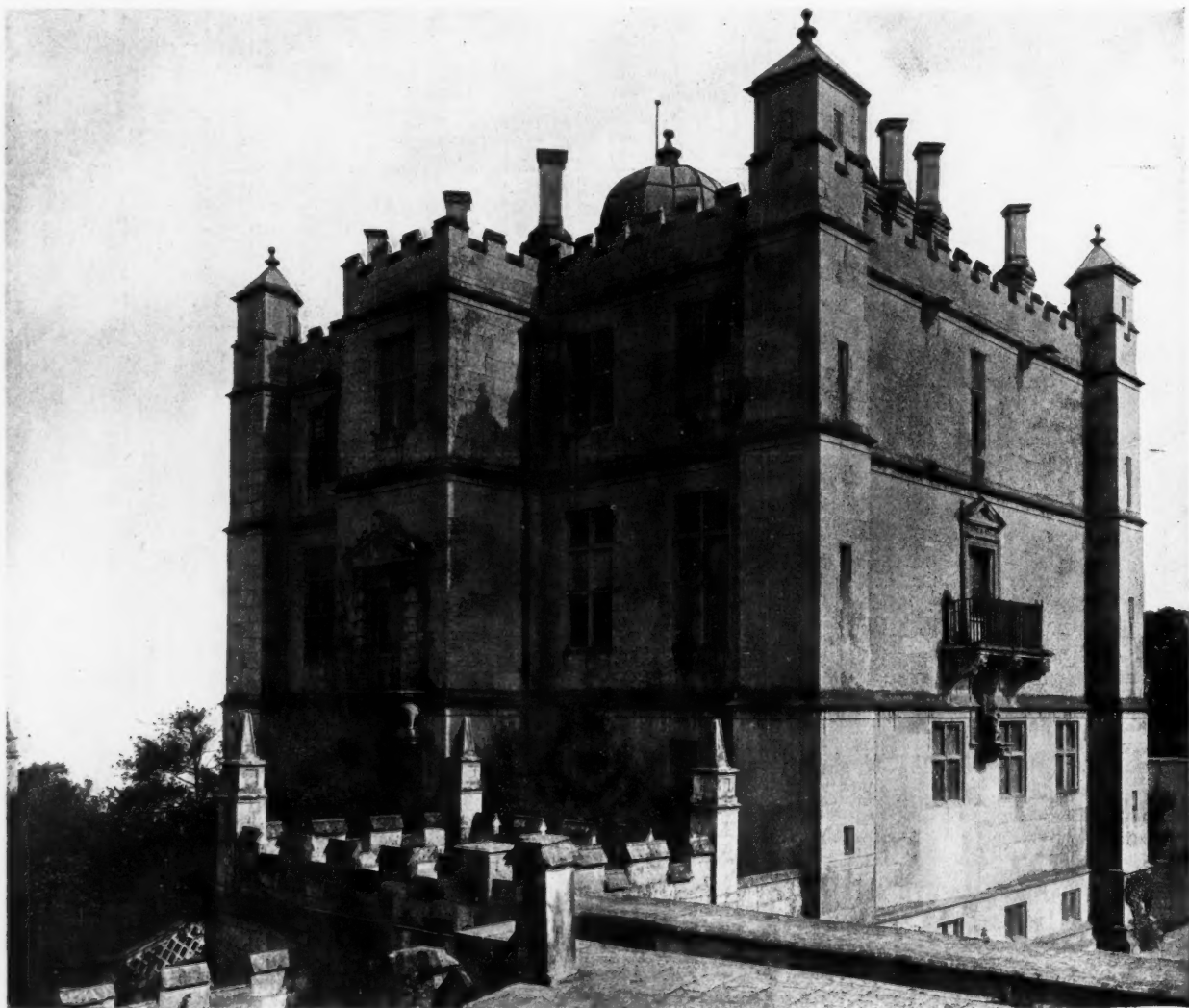
he repented, and when King Stephen was at Nottingham, that king, at the earnest entreaty of Peverel and Oddona, his wife, gave a charter of confirmation to the Priory. (Thoroton's "Nottinghamshire," 1677, page 218.) He appears to have been married twice, for after he had given the Church of Bolsover to the Abbey of Darley the gift was confirmed



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ENTRANCE TO CASTLE GROUNDS.

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KEEP, FROM THE SOUTH.

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of the King, and was taken prisoner when fighting on his side at Lincoln in 1141. When Henry of Anjou got the upper hand he in 1152 granted the property of Peverel to Ranulph Earl of Chester, unless he (Peverel) should be able to acquit himself of his wickedness and treason by trial in court. The Earl of Chester died shortly afterwards, and Peverel was accused of poisoning him. Thereupon he fled (so says Dugdale) "to a monastery of his own patronage (which doubtless was Lenton) where he caused himself to be shorn a monk." But when in 1155 Henry II advanced to the North, Peverel did not feel himself safe in his retreat, and again took flight. No more is heard of him except that his estates, including Bolsover, were confiscated to the Crown.

From the fact that two charters of King John are dated at Bolsover on March 30th, 1200, it is clear that that king was at the castle on that day.

The Public Records mention the names of divers governors of the Castle. They were changed very frequently, and it is not necessary to enumerate them here.

In 1216 Bryan de L'Isle, then Governor, was ordered to hold the Castle against the barons who were in rebellion against King John, or else to demolish it, to the end that they might have no advantage by it (Dugdale: "Baronage," I, 737). The Castle, however, was seized by the insurgents, but was retaken by assault by William Ferrers, Earl of Derby (*Id.*, I, 261). Subsequently it was in the possession of John le Scot, Earl of Chester, and when he died in 1237 it passed to his brother-in-law, Henry de Hastings. After no long time it again reverted to the Crown, and two centuries later Henry VI granted it to his half-brother, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who died in 1456. In 1485, as we learn from the Bolsover Court Rolls, it was in possession of Richmond's younger brother, Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke and Duke of Bedford. On the death of the last

named in 1495 the Castle passed to his nephew, King Henry VII. The next king, Henry VIII, granted it in 1514 to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, on the attainder of whose son, at the beginning of the year 1547, it once more reverted to the Crown, remaining a royal possession until 1553, when it was granted to Sir George Talbot, Lord Talbot, who became sixth Earl of Shrewsbury in 1560. This earl died in 1590, and the Castle passed to his son, Gilbert Talbot, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury. The latter in 1608 leased the manor and castle of Bolsover to his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Cavendish, for 1,000 years, at the reserved annual rent of £10, and in 1613 sold it to him absolutely.

Leland viewed the Castle in the reign of Henry VIII, and described it as "A great Building of an olde Castelle." It was probably in a state of great decay when it was acquired by Sir Charles Cavendish; but its new owner, who was the son of Bess of Hardwick, and who inherited her predilection for building, at once devoted himself to the work of restoration, his architect being John Smithson, who designed the Riding House at Welbeck in 1623.

A roll of the building charges at Bolsover Castle, extending from November, 1612, to March, 1614, is in the Duke of Portland's possession, and the handwriting of the marginal notes appears to be the same as that found upon Smithson's Welbeck plans, dated 1622 and 1623, in the collection of

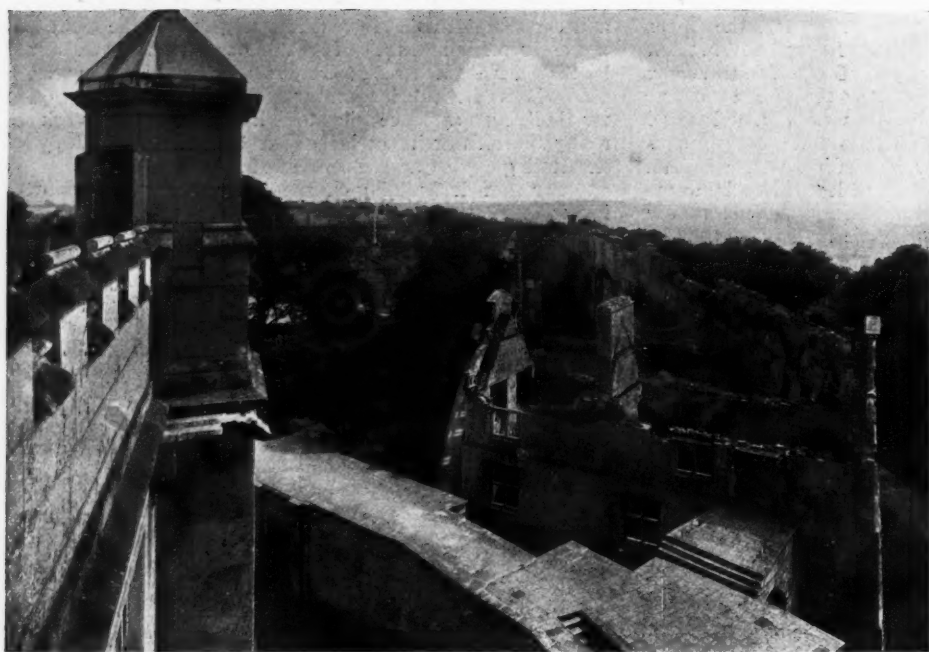


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FROM THE PORCH OF THE KEEP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

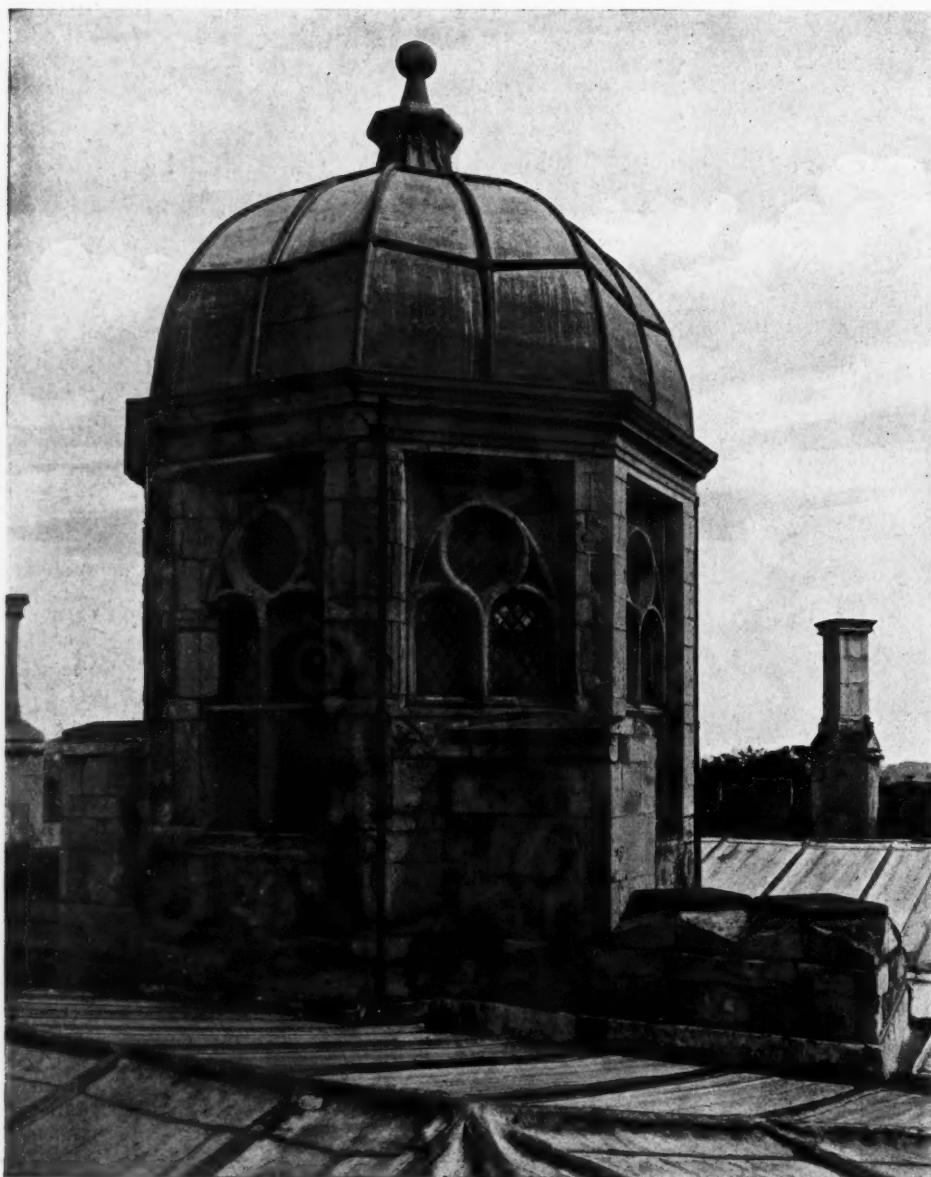
the late Colonel W. L. Coke of Brookhill Hall. These accounts show that local stone was used, and that it was obtained from four quarries—Shuttlewood, the Town Quarry, Bolsover Moor Quarry and Kirkby. Rough stone cost 1½d. a foot; ashlar, 1½d.; paving stone, 1½d.; axed stone, 2½d.; ledgement, 3½d.; stone for the windows, 5d. a foot; and corbels, 2s. each. Labourers were paid 6d. or 7d. a day, but the layers of the foundations and the walls commanded a higher wage, to wit, 1s. a day. Various items are charged for the taking down of the old wall, and in connection with this work, in addition to ordinary labourers, women and boys were employed, the former receiving 3d. and the latter



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THE RUINS FROM ROOF OF KEEP.

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LANTERN ON ROOF OF KEEP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

2d. a day. It is evident that there was a complete rebuilding of the fabric, for the pillars in the cellar, larder and kitchen are particularly mentioned as costing 2s. 6d. a foot; bases, 4s. 6d. each; plinths, 2s. each; and each astragalus, 4s. The architect was regular in his superintendence of the work, and at each visit he charged 4d. for his own meal and 2d. for provender for his horse. The total sum expended during the period covered by these accounts was £602 os. 11d.

The existing castle may be considered as an early Stuart restoration and modification of a Norman castle, the general character of the ancient structure having been preserved. The lower portions, in thickness of walls and general proportions, are in the Norman manner, and the influence of the earlier building over the later is seen in the vaulted treatment of the basement and ground floors. The one surviving portion of an earlier building is the Early English archway which joins the ruins to the circular wall, and it may also be remarked that two ancient gravestones, each sculptured with a cross, are wrought into the wall which supports the terrace on the west side.

Sir Charles Cavendish died in 1617 and is commemorated by a remarkable monument in the Cavendish Chapel in Bolsover Church. He is there eulogised for the "Religion, Valour, Learning" that made him "wise"; for the "Nobility, Bounty, Justice" that made him "honourable"; and for the qualities that made him a trusty friend, a kind husband, and a loving father. The work of restoration was continued by his son, William Cavendish, who had been made a Knight of the Bath in 1610, and who was successively created Viscount Mansfield, 1620; Baron Cavendish of Bolsover and Earl of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1628; Marquess of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1643; Earl of Ogle and Duke of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1665. He was known as the "Loyal" Duke because of his fidelity to, and his sufferings in the Royalist cause; and he was called the "Horsemanship" Duke because of his devotion to the training of horses in the manège, and because he published two folio treatises on the subject. The first of these was published in French at

Antwerp in 1658 under the title of "*Méthode et Invention Nouvelle de Dresser les Chevaux*," and the second was published in English in London in 1667. The former of these books contains a large number of plates after delineations by Abraham van Diepenbeke, and on seven of these plates there are views of Bolsover Castle.

The Castle as left by Sir Charles Cavendish was not in accordance with his son's ideas of magnificence and magnitude. The son, therefore, made considerable additions to the internal decorations of the keep, and then constructed the riding school, the fountain, and the range of buildings on the terrace. John Smithson has been already mentioned as the architect employed by Sir Charles Cavendish, and it seems likely that he also designed the riding school. He lived until 1634, and was buried at Bolsover on November 16th of that year. It is probable, however, that his son, Huntingdon Smithson, would be associated with him in his work, and the latter, who died in 1648, appears to have been solely responsible for the buildings on the terrace. His initials H. S. and the date 1629 are carved on stones on the west side of this structure, where also are other initials and dates: G. D., 1629; M. C., 1629; M. W., 1630; E. L., 1630; which may reasonably be interpreted as representing the names of masons employed upon the work. Where the structure on the terrace joins the bailey wall there is a doorway (now blocked up), above which is the Cavendish motto "*Cavendo tutus*" and the date 1633, doubtless that of the completion of the work. Thenceforward the keep was called the Little Castle to distinguish it from the rest of the structure.

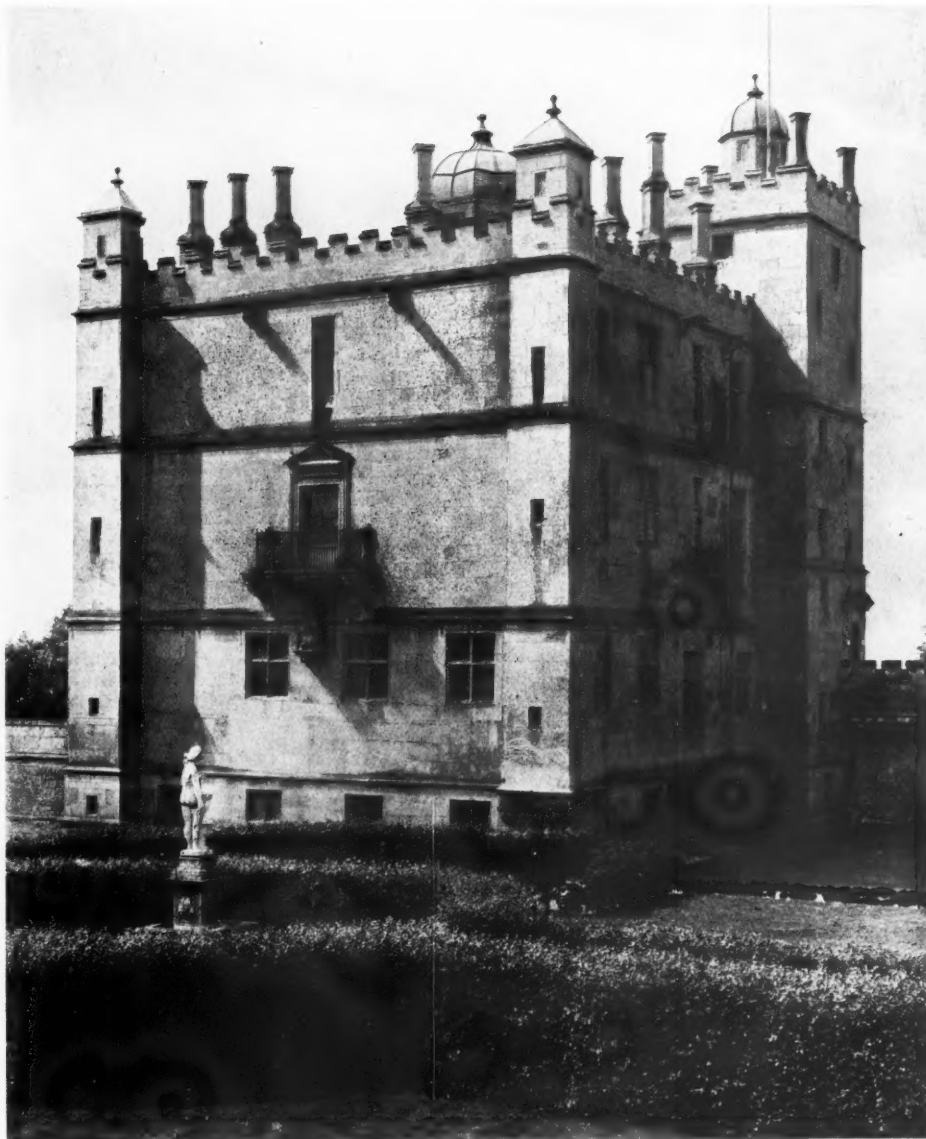
On July 30th, 1634, the Earl of Newcastle entertained King Charles I and Queen Henrietta Maria at the Castle, and spared "nothing that might add splendor to that feast." Ben Jonson wrote a masque entitled "*Love's Welcome*," which was performed on the occasion, and the Earl sent for all the neighbouring gentry to come and wait on Their Majesties, "and in short, did all that ever he could imagine, to render it great, and worthy their royal acceptance." He resigned Welbeck for their lodging, and spent more than £14,000



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KEEP FROM BATTLEMENT WALK.

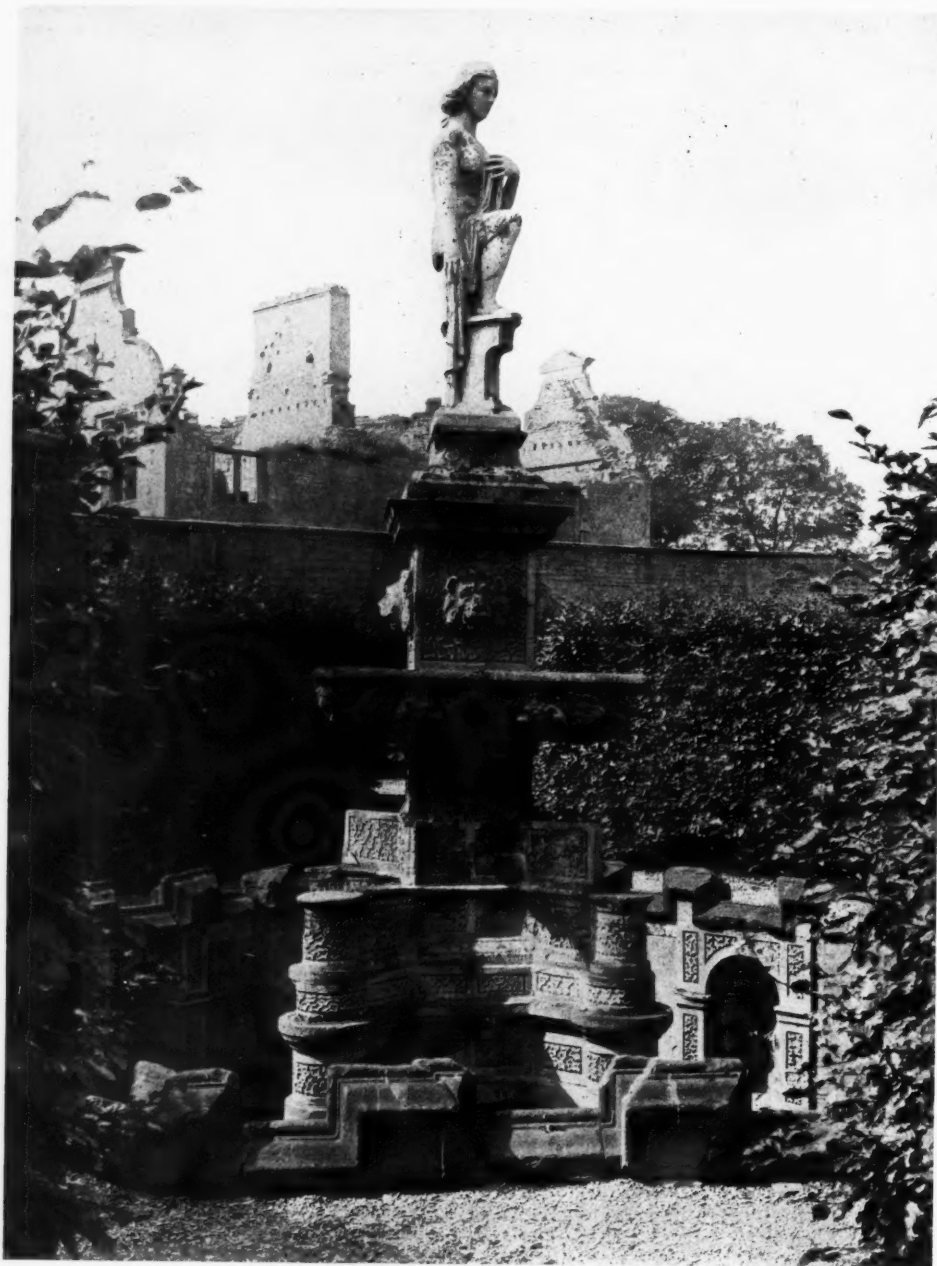
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE BAILEY COURT.

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THE FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in connection with the visit. A set of table linen bought expressly for the occasion cost £160. Clarendon ("Rebellion," 1707, I, 61) describes this as a "stupendous entertainment, which (God be thanked) though possibly it might too much whet the appetite of others to excess, no man ever after in those days imitated."

When the Civil War broke out the King constituted him Governor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Captain-General of all the forces raised or to be raised in the north parts of England, as well as in other specified counties. At first he had successes, but on July 2nd, 1644, the battle of Marston Moor, so disastrous to the Royalist cause, was fought. Newcastle was opposed to the risk of an engagement, but Prince Rupert insisted, whereupon Newcastle said "that happen what would, he would not shun to fight, for he had no other ambition but to live and dye a loyal subject to His Majesty." In the battle he held no command, but at the head of a troop of gentlemen volunteers he fought bravely with his page's half-leaden sword in his hand. His valour was of no avail, and for him the defeat meant the destruction of his famous regiment of White Coats, the ruin of his hopes, and the loss of his prestige. On the night after the battle he slept at York. On the following morning he asked Prince Rupert "to give this true and just report of him to His Majesty, that he had behaved like an honest man, a gentleman, and a loyal subject," and then made his way to Scarborough, whence in the course of a few days he took ship for Hamburg, with but £90 in his pocket. He remained in exile for sixteen years.

Shortly after his departure his castle of Bolsover was besieged and taken by the Parliamentarians. Apparently the defenders thought discretion the better part of valour, and, without offering resistance, incontinently yielded to superior force. The following account of the event is taken from "The Burning-Bush not Consumed," by John Vicars (published in 1646), pages 8 and 9:

The noble Major-General [Crawford], having left Colonel Bright, a Commander of my Lord Fairfaxes, and a party of Foot in the Castle [of Sheffield], by order from the most noble Earl of Manchester, advanced towards Bowzer, alias,

Boulsover Castle, about 8 miles from Sheffield, it being another strong House of Marquesse Newcastles in Darbyshire, which was well manned with Souldiers, and strengthened with great Guns, one whereof carryed eighteen pound bullet, others nine pound, and it had strong works about it, yet this Castle also upon summons, was soon surrendred up to my Lord's Forces, upon faire and moderate Articles granted to them. It pleased God to give us in this Castle of Boulsover, an hundred and twenty Muskets, besides Pikes, Halberts, etc. Also one Iron Drake, some leaden bullets, two Morter-peices, some other Drakes, nine barrels of powder, with a proportion of Match, some victuals for our Souldiers, and some plunder.

In 1649 the Council of State, in order to avoid the charge of keeping a garrison in the Castle, and to prevent danger if it should be surprised and kept by an enemy, gave orders to the Committee of Derbyshire that the house, considered as a private habitation, should be prejudiced as little as might be, but that the outworks and garden walls, with the turrets and walls of the frontier court that were of strength, should be demolished, and that all the doors should be taken away and slight ones set in their places. To effect these objects the committee sold the Castle to someone who had "an intention to pull it down, and make money of the materials." The Duchess of Newcastle, who relates this in her Life of her



Copyright. DOORWAY TO BAILEY WALL. "C.L."

husband (edition 1667, page 74), adds that the Marquess's younger brother, Sir Charles Cavendish, bought it back at an advanced price, "notwithstanding a great part of it was pulled down already," and was thus able to prevent its total destruction. After the death of Sir Charles in 1654, the Castle came into the possession of his nephew, Charles Cavendish, Viscount Mansfield (the elder son of the Marquess of Newcastle). He died in 1659 and was succeeded by his younger brother, Henry, but neither brother had the means of doing much to repair it.

At the Restoration the Marquess, who had been in exile since 1644, returned to his own again, and found his castle "half pull'd down." However, he did the necessary repairs and rebuilding, and even (in the words of the Duchess) "made some additional building." Upon the completion of the doorway leading from the great court to the gallery, in or soon after 1665 (in which year he was created a duke), he erected above it a shield of his arms within a garter, surmounted by a ducal coronet, and with his motto, "Cavendo tutus," on a scroll below. His accounts show that on these repairs he expended: £498 16s. 6d. in 1663, £837 9s. 6d. in 1664, £128 in 1665, £127 12s. in 1666. R. W. GOULDING.

IN THE GARDEN

OUTBREAKS OF POTATO DISEASE—NEED FOR PROMPT ACTION.

OWING to the increasing dampness of the weather and the cold rains which have visited these Isles during the last week or so, the much dreaded Potato disease appears to be breaking out in fresh places daily. At the present moment Potatoes are cheap; wholesale prices have fallen as low as £5 a ton, and the retail charge for first-rate supplies—that is, where the shopkeepers are content with an honest profit—is 6d. for 7lb. These prices, it is interesting to note, are very little in advance of those prevailing at the corresponding date in that fateful year 1914. The Potato supply now appears to be in excess of the demand, a condition of affairs that is largely brought about by the remarkable effect of the amateur growers' crops on the prices obtained for farm produce. Where the cultivation has been carried out on sound lines, allotment holders are now finding the yield excellent, far in excess of their expectations. The markets are everywhere overstocked, and even at the low price of £5 a ton farmers can only sell with difficulty.

But what of our winter supplies? A serious extension of the area affected by the Potato disease is reported almost daily. After all the support that has been given to the spraying campaign organised by the Food Production Department it was hoped that the disease would have been kept well in hand. Such, however, is not the case. A letter received on August 3rd from a lady in Devon states that although the Potatoes have been twice sprayed in accordance with official instructions, they are now blackened by disease. The Devon outbreaks are so far said to be the most serious of all, and the experts from the Food Production Department sent down to this county from London are being kept very busy, while soldiers and the county police are giving assistance in selling and distributing materials for spraying and in the actual spraying of threatened crops.

In regard to this outbreak of disease, Lieutenant R. W. Ascroft, the Chief Expert of the Potato spraying campaign, in a letter to the writer, dated August 2nd, says: "Disease is, of course, pretty severe in Devonshire, but reports that I am receiving every day tend to prove that where spraying has been properly done, disease has not made its appearance." This is a remarkable testimony to the efficacy of spraying, although it must be admitted that reports are very conflicting and, in some cases, contradictory. Spraying is an expensive question, and many growers say that it does not pay. It is upon the success or failure of the spraying campaign this year that the future of spraying Potatoes largely depends.

It is not only in Devon that the scourge has appeared, for cases have now been reported from the following places: Maidenhead, Wooburn Green (Buckinghamshire), Walton-on-Thames, Swindon, Pembroke (near Fishguard Harbour), Swansea, Cornwall (Redruth), Isle of Wight, Dorset, Hants and Gloucestershire.

What to Do and What Not to Do.—It is useless to spray after the damage is done; it seems necessary to make this statement as many growers are now clamouring to have their Potatoes sprayed. In places where the tops are still green but threatened with disease, by all means spray at once; but to spray after the damage is done is to lock the stable door after the horse has bolted. The most effective way of combating the disease at this date is to lift the crop. All early and second early Potatoes should be dug now, storing the tubers in sheds or in any dry place so long as they are covered to exclude the light. Early lifting is of the utmost importance. In this connection the writer is acquainted with one of our most successful growers who, a few years ago, had a very promising crop of British Queen. Some of the tubers were required for exhibition, and half the crop was lifted about the middle of August for the Shrewsbury Show. The tubers were of first-rate quality and free from disease. Wet weather set in after this event, and when the remainder of the crop was lifted a month later quite half the tubers were worthless owing to disease. On farms it is, of course, impossible to lift the crop at this busy time, but in gardens it is very different. Where one Potato plant is here and there attacked by disease and the crop is not ready for lifting, dig it up at once and burn the haulm immediately. It is dangerous to neglect this precaution even for a few hours. Lift the tubers on a fine day; they keep so much better if lifted when dry. Overcrowding among Potatoes, be it noted, is a common cause of the rapid spread of disease. H. C.

SOME AMERICAN PEAT SHRUBS.

By GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THE middle of June brings many beautiful flowers, but one of its best delights is the blooming of *Kalmia latifolia*, without doubt one of the very loveliest of flowering shrubs. Not only is it of the first importance in the garden, but, although so hard-wooded, it is long lasting as a cut flower, and it is a delightful thing to examine closely in order to admire and wonder at its marvel of design and colouring. It varies a little in colour from a tender pink to nearly white. The tinting is stronger on the outside, so that the buds are always pink

Looking inside one sees a dainty rosy ring near the centre and the ten stamens bending over outwards with the anthers resting in little pits, which on the outside show as rounded prominences and give a starry effect to the bud when seen full face. The stamens are sensitive, and when the flower is mature will, at a slight touch, spring up in the direction of the pistil. It is often advised that *Kalmia* should be grown in shade, but experience

proves that it flowers best in nearly full sun, but it should be in a bed of peat and delights in moisture at the root. Besides *Kalmia*, we are indebted to the North American continent for the greater number of the good bushy plants that flourish in a peaty soil—nearly the whole of the *Andromeda* group, the *Gaultherias*, *Ledums*, *Pernettyas*, the *Rhododendrons* of the *catawbiense* class and many of the *Rhododendrons* that we should call *Azaleas* in gardens. It seems a strange thing that with such a wealth of shrubs of the Heath order (*Ericaceæ*) haths themselves should be absent, though the nearly allied *Cranberry* order (*Vacciniaceæ*) is represented by several ornamental bushes.



KALMIA LATIFOLIA.

Among the many American *Azaleas* perhaps the most beautiful is the *A. occidentalis* of California. Unless it is that in some years it is shy of blooming, it is difficult to understand why it is so seldom to be seen in our gardens. It should be planted with *Kalmia*, for it blooms at the same time, a good fortnight later than the Ghent *Azaleas*, and enjoys the same conditions. Both in bloom and leaf it is better than any of the Ghent kinds,

and in both has a singular refinement of aspect. The flowers are for the most part pure white, with a yellow stain in the upper petal; the outside of the tube is tinted with pink, faint in the case of the whitest blooms, but much stronger in some others. The flowers vary much in size, but the best have well filled trusses of bloom as large as the best of the Ghent varieties. This diversity of size comes from their being grown from seed, and for the same reason it is important that they should be seen in bloom in the nursery and then and there chosen and marked. The foliage is distinctly better than that of any other garden *Azalea*, bold and handsome, of a full, deep green and with a polished surface.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

THE Book of the Week is chosen to-day not because it is a new publication; but in the issue which contains an account of agriculture in Northumberland as it is being developed to meet the needs of the war it seemed not unsuitable to say a few words about a very celebrated book, the *Six Months' Tour* of Arthur Young, the third volume of which contains an account of his wanderings in the North of England. Let no one of strictly literary mind abjure the book because it is merely agricultural. Arthur Young was a man of great versatility, and his book gives evidence of many interests other than those connected with the land. A fine private house, for example, a picture gallery or collection of any kind had always great fascination for him, and he was also a lover of the picturesque, which he described in his own straightforward, homely style. Art critics of to-day might well copy the brevity of his criticisms if they did nothing else. Almost at the beginning of the book comes his description of cocken, which has several pictures "which please the lovers of that noble art." He gives a list of the pictures with a plentiful use of dittoes. "Fine" and "spirited" are his favourite words of praise, while "a nothing" expresses his contempt. But, of course, agriculture attracts him most, and very curious it is to read to-day of the simple methods of 150 years ago. Compare, for example, the list of implements asked for by the War Agricultural Committee with the list of those of a 100 acre farm at Gosforth on the road to Morpeth. He gives them with the prices of their time: A cart, £6 6s. or £7; a plough, £1 1s.; a harrow, 15s.; a roller, £4 or £5 for grass, but none for barley; a scythe, 3s.; a spade, 3s. 6d.; laying a share and coulter, 1s.; shoeing, 1s. 4d. Leaving out the last two items, it will be seen that less than £17 is the value of the total outfit; and that is a very typical case. Under the heading "Building" he gives the following

as the prices of the time: "Oak timber, 2s.; ash, 1s. 4d.; a mason, per day, 1s. and board; a carpenter, 1s. and ditto. Farm houses of brick and stone." In all things Arthur Young sought fact and he makes a protest against those who indulge in mere generalities.

In these days when reclamation is much considered, it is interesting to find that they had quite an intelligent way of bringing in moor in Young's time. Here is an example from the Cheviots:

Their moor husbandry is as follows: They plough it up in October, four inches deep, and let it so remain till the October following, then they plough it again, and summer fallow the land, and lime it, the quantity before mentioned, and sow turneps; the crop of which are worth, upon an average, about 50s. to £3 an acre upon dry land: After these they sow oats, and get about 40 bushels per acre, and with them sow down with ray grass, three bushels per acre; after which the land would let for 4s. 6d. per acre, and will last seven years. After this they break it up again and take two crops of oats and turneps, but not near so good as at first; then they lay it down again. This process is upon dry soils; if they are wet, they do not think them worth meddling with.

Lime, which is mentioned here, was greatly used in the Northumberland of that time. Young says they limed a great deal, laid six cartloads on an acre, or 120 bushels, which cost 3s. 9d. per load, besides the loading. In the burning of lime one load of coal burns two of lime. He notices also the good grass, which let at 20s. an acre, and an acre and a half was then reckoned to fatten a beast of 70 stone or 80 stone and each acre to feed four sheep. The profit of fattening an ox was reckoned at 50s. They kept a good many working animals, twenty horses and as many oxen being thought necessary for the management of 500 acres of arable land. They ploughed with two horses and two oxen, but on some lands with two horses, which did an acre a day in summer, but only three roods in winter. The value of land was considered to be about thirty years' purchase, or what it is getting to just now. It was still the custom

to milk very large flocks of ewes after the lambs were weaned. The milk was made into butter and cheese, and Young says, rather quaintly, "The cheese sells so high as fourpence a pound." Those who have been discussing the payment of labourers in kind will like to read this about the old custom of paying in "boll and stent":

That is, the farmer pays as follows. He keeps the man two cows; allows him 66 bushels of grain of all sorts; one stone of wool (24lb. to the stone); leads his coals; finds him a house; half a rood of land for potatoes; keeps him a hog, and sows half a peck of flax for him: The wife has 5s. for her hay and harvest; and a boy, when of 12 years of age, 30 bushels of corn.

Money must have been very scarce among the people, and they had very little need for it, as with what they got from the farm they could provide themselves with all necessities. He appeared surprised that the custom of paring and burning had almost died out in the North by this time. It was not a bad way of manuring, but involved very hard labour, including what was, perhaps, the worst of all, work with the breast-plough. He rather inveighs against the customs of the county in regard to hiring land.

It is very melancholy to ride through such vastly extensive tracks of uncultivated good land, as are found in every part of this county. And it is equally unfortunate, that so many men of substance, in the farming way, should tread perpetually in the beaten route, and hire land, in so many parts of England, at an enormous rent, which such quantities are to be had almost for nothing. This is truly the *cultusque habitusque locorum prædiscere*.

At that time Arthur Young was agitating for a greater use of machinery, just as we are doing now, and agitating to get farmers to make a trial of some of the inventions of the time, particularly those of a Mr. Clark, a tenant of Mr. Dickson, who was then owner of Belford. This man obtained a premium of £50 from the Society for the invention of a draining plough, of which a capital illustration is given in the book. But the grand machine upon which he staked his reputation was one for the threshing of corn. It is difficult to realise that up to Arthur Young's time the flail was practically the only implement used for this purpose. It is the "weary flingin' tree" of Burns.

Although the book is practically written in figures, it gives a most naïve and interesting description of country life in the North after the middle of the eighteenth century, and it can be read with all the greater relish on account of the contrast it makes between the state of things as they were then and as they are now.

The Italian Orders of Architecture, by Charles Gourlay. (Arnold, 6s. net.)

Experimental Building Science, by J. Leask Manson. Vol. I. (Cambridge University Press.)

Educational and Social Experiments, by J. Howard Whitehouse, M.P. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE nearly simultaneous issue of this trio of books is a useful reminder of the many aspects of the architect's profession. His art must be based on a sure knowledge of the systems which governed the building art of Greece and Rome and, through the Italian Renaissance, of the civilised world. He may be led by temperament or fashion or a score of causes to neglect the Orders, but the study of them is at least an aesthetic discipline which none can afford to omit. Mr. Gourlay is a skilled teacher of architecture and his thirty-two plates of the Orders are prefaced by lucid notes which increase their value to the student. But no architecture will serve in these practical days which fail to take account of the scientific spirit; and Mr. Leask Manson's handbook on the physical side of building, with its examination of temperatures, stresses and the like influences on the use and strength of materials, is a useful contribution to the student's library, if a little forbidding to the neophyte of unscientific mind. Mr. Whitehouse's little book emphasises the architect's relation to social reform. An anonymous benefactor set up some four years ago a Reform Trust, managed by two trustees (of whom Mr. Whitehouse is presumably one) to make social enquiries and experiments. Town gardening, village industries, the study of sociology in secondary schools have been among their activities; but those which most concern us here are an attempt to raise the standard of housing in mining villages, and the use of public museums to spread a taste for simple and reasonable furniture in working class homes. Plans are given of a good little cottage designed by Mr. Baillie Scott. In the furnishing of the rooms too much stress seems to be laid on the virtues of hand-work. The economics of these days demand the aid of the machine. Hitherto it has tended to be the enemy and the supplanter of the artist, who has scoffed at the machine-made article. In the result the Philistine has designed it, but Mr. Whitehouse should consider the work of the Design and Industry Association, which has taken up the essential task of bringing art to the aid of the machine. The reformer who tries to pretend that the machine is not there is deceiving himself, and will not that way work any deliverance from the plague of ugliness.

Miss Haroun al-Raschid, by Jessie Douglas Kerruish. (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.)

MISS JESSIE DOUGLAS KERRUISH, making her *début* as a novelist, has achieved something so fresh and original that it is almost possible to say in the teeth of the Preacher's saw that it is "new." Her heroine and the narrator of the story is one Rathia Jerningham the daughter of an English

Assyriologist and a descendant of the hereditary Pashas of Amadiyah, in their turn descended from the Kalifs of Baghdad. This Rathia is an extraordinary young lady, whose skill with a revolver, on horseback, as an amateur doctor and, more than all, at outwitting her enemies, we would frankly label as improbable in a heroine of more ordinary extraction. As it is, we hesitate to say what might or might not be possible to a Rathia Jerningham, for Miss Kerruish is working as it were in a strange medium, and since Rathia's extraordinariness is invariably consistent and always interesting, we are willing to assume that the blood of the Kalifs accounted for a great deal. The scene of the book is laid in the East, chiefly in Mesopotamia, and Miss Kerruish by a confident, in fact, almost swaggering suggestion of intimacy with that land, splendidly in keeping with the narrator's character, brings before us with all its charm and all its horror that "Country of the Two Rivers" to which so many eyes are at the present moment turned. The scope of the story includes the rivalries of two Assyriological expeditions, an exciting race for a likely ground for excavations, a couple of love stories, a murder, a mystery, and hairbreadth escapes of every sort, all told with engaging vivacity. The book would have been more satisfying to a fastidious taste had half of its most thrilling scenes been left out. It suffers from being too highly coloured as Rathia herself suffers for being too wonderful, and for a somewhat similar reason is to be forgiven; for, granted that a Rathia were there, the adventures are just what one might expect. Also, we have not too many novelists who break new ground. It is a little amusing to find Miss Kerruish after all conventional enough to allow her heroine to begin by disliking her hero, though Rathia certainly had a good enough excuse.

The Candid Courtship, by Madge Mears. (John Lane, 6s.)

MISS MADGE MEARS has proved herself before this a very candid novelist, and in her latest book that quality is increasingly marked. This is intended not as adverse criticism, but as a warning that those who like a view of life conventional and sugar-coated may leave *The Candid Courtship* alone. The story is a simple one in a sense in which simplicity does not imply prettiness. It deals with the "young and bright" society of a Highgate boarding house and with three of its inhabitants—Stewart Austen, Joan Allison, and her brother Colin in particular. Stewart loves Joan, and his ideas of honour compel him in telling her his love to tell her also of the one lapse from clean living that has stained his record. The confession destroys his chance of winning Joan, who, despite a good deal of knowledge of the seamy side of life acquired in working for women's suffrage, is full of youthful intolerance of sins to which she has never been tempted, and fails to see the real fitness of character which prompted her lover's avowal. Presently and quite plausibly her brother becomes involved with poor, lovable, feckless Val, the woman who had shared Stewart Austen's sin; and in the unwinding of the entanglement Joan finds a new point of view from which to regard her lover's past. Only a wide-minded and thoughtful woman could have written *The Candid Courtship*. If it offers no practical solution of social difficulties, it states them clearly enough, and its picture of life as it seems to earnest young women of the middle classes deserves to be quoted in learned works upon psychology. The final argument exhibits but one side of marriage, but the side it exhibits—the woman's—is wonderfully well drawn: "She went, paradoxically enough, into the greatest solitude on earth, which is the solitude of the happy wedded wife. For to her husband she must ever keep up some pretence—of cheerfulness when she was a-weary, of bravery when her whole soul fainted before impending agony . . . while at the same time . . . she must not say to another woman what she would not say to him."

The Amazing Years, by W. Pett Ridge. (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.)

THE question which we have all been asking ourselves, whether this great war be an unmixed evil, is answered in a sense by Mr. Pett Ridge's new novel, *The Amazing Years*. He tells us very simply, from the housekeeper's point of view, the history of a family "ruined," as we say, through the war. The comfortable home at Chislehurst of the successful City man has to be given up; the eldest son, a *dilettante* song-writer, enlists; one daughter becomes a bank clerk and the other a ticket collector on the railway; while Mr. Hillier goes where many another good *paterfamilias* has gone, to Woolwich Arsenal, munition making. The only person who cannot realise the change is the rather unpleasant Mrs. Hillier, in drawing whose character Mr. Pett Ridge has certainly excelled himself. The long misunderstanding of married people whose aims have diverged as the years went on and their final mutual comprehension without any dramatic scene are quite wonderfully drawn, and Mr. Hillier's mourning for his wife has an unusual touch of honesty. "There is an interval at Chislehurst, and just after Chislehurst which is already a blank. Earlier than that, and later, I have no recollections of her that are not good and sweet." The housekeeper is an almost impossibly clever and capable woman, and positions are reversed when she becomes the well-to-do friend of the family. It is quite pleasant to find her so human as to be in poor health, and even more so to find her in love. For Londoners the book will have a special appeal, for it will call to mind, and in a nowise depressing manner, the early days of the war and how passing events affected the metropolis. For the wider public the interest of a rather unromantic story will lie in the hope that war, terrible and devastating as it is, may yet bring its compensation in the strengthening and beautifying of our national character.

Stand Down (Verses), by Donald H. Lea. (Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.)

JUST as the last century ebbed away William Pember Reeves wrote in his book on New Zealand, "Ao Tea Roa," that "There is no colonial literature." Perhaps the verses of Mr. Lea (New Zealand's soldier-poet), as they chiefly have war *motifs*, do not go far to disprove this. Yet there is a certain rough humour and a note of tragedy, too elemental, perhaps, for our homeland poets, which places him in the same class as Robert Service. A gift of his own, unexpected and charming tenderness, adds much to one's enjoyment of *Stand Down*.

The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis, by Roland Pertwee. (John Murray, 5s.)

THE many people who in a greater or less degree pride themselves upon a knowledge of or *flair* for the distinguishing qualities of objects of vertu, who love to prow through Caledonian Market on a Friday, or peer at the contents of curiosity shops with hopeful eyes, will find much to their liking in *The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis*. Lord Louis was a collector of note and knowledge, he was also wealthy, and the acquisition of some of his wealth for themselves seemed to two rogues of dealers not a hopeless matter. Of the nine stories in the book several deal with the machinations of this pleasant couple, and though in no case are they allowed to triumph over the astute Lord Louis, occasionally they come so near to success that the account of their doings is quite exciting. The book, as a whole, suffers, perhaps inevitably, from the fact that all its stories, save one, bear on the subject of collecting in one way or another, and occasionally, as in the case of the piece of china which hid itself in the cuff of Lord Louis' trousers and the fishing cast that broke at so slight a tug, Mr. Pertwee seems to weigh down the balance somewhat unfairly in his hero's favour. "The Gautama Buddha" we cared for least of all the stories, for probability is considerably strained in it, yet one and all are interesting; and when Mr. Pertwee uses an old idea such as that of the thief who enters the house hidden in a large chest,

he contrives to give it a novel turn, in this instance letting his hero take the thief's place and so recover his own missing property.

The Cruise of the Jasper B., by Don Marquis. (Appleton, 6s.)

IF comparisons may be fairly instituted between books and theatrical performances, then we have here something which has in it elements of farcical comedy and yet is somehow reminiscent of a full-blooded melodrama as played in some very provincial theatre. All this sounds somewhat uncomplimentary, so let us hasten to admit that the book makes good light reading, contains many amusing touches and clever bits of character sketching after the manner of a lightning caricaturist, and unfolds a plot which grips while it does not—and is not intended to—convince. The reader cannot escape the idea that the author is laughing at him rather than giving an invitation to laugh with him. It leaves one rather nonplussed and worried with a feeling of having missed the point, or having been deliberately led into taking serious interest in a piece of mere fooling, just as, when witnessing a crude melodrama badly performed, one realises the inanity of it all but cannot help longing for the triumph of virtue and the downfall of villainy. The book is a puzzle, apparently simple, but in fact baffling and complicated, and is well worth reading if only because it is so notably unusual.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FARM TRACTOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At the present time I receive a great many letters at home asking the capabilities of various kinds of tractors. Unfortunately, at present I have not time to reply to these letters owing to my whole time being given to Government work, therefore I thought possibly if I gave you the following general and rather concentrated report on the different types of tractors which I have had in use on my farms in Sussex it might answer many questions I have been asked, and at the same time be useful to those who may wish to know but have not asked me questions. First, I think one must divide tractors into two types, caterpillar and wheeled, and then again subdivide them into the light type of tractor (by which I mean something under 30cwt.) and the heavier type of about twice this weight. Among the heavier wheeled types which stand out at the present time are the relatively slow-running two-cylinder-engined types like the 20 h.p. Titan (probably the most popular American tractor in this country), the 25 h.p. Mogul and the 20 h.p. Sanderson, all three machines being full of practical, sensible points. All three have been used very largely in this country, and are capable of drawing three furrows really deep on the heaviest land, and, on a great deal of land, four furrows. They can pull a heavy roller, a cultivator, and a fine-toothed harrow simultaneously. They can work on a field with a loose top and yet really hard underneath. They can do useful road haulage and first-rate work with a threshing-machine, etc. Speaking generally, they are successful farm tractors of robust design, run well on paraffin, and would do practically any work they are asked to do under reasonable soil and climatic conditions. We then have the heavy type of caterpillar tractor like the Clayton Shuttleworth, the original Caterpillar, and the Bullock. Those which I have seen so far will pull almost up to the same extent as the previously mentioned types, but have the advantage of being able to work on steep hillsides, where the wheel tractor is very difficult to deal with and hold to its work. They can also be used where the land is not really suitable for the wheel tractor, and therefore can be operated some days when the wheel tractor would be better standing in its shed. Up to the present, however, it has not been proved whether the cost of upkeep for the tracks and the many extra bearings that require attention will not militate a little against their undoubted advantages by the fact that they require a rather more skilled person to look after them and keep them in running order.

We then have the lighter type of tractor, such as the M.O.M. wheeled type and the Burford Cleveland Caterpillar. In use both give approximately the same pull and are able to pull a two-furrow plough well in medium soil. As a rule they travel quicker than the before-mentioned types, and put their best work in when not too heavily loaded. The light type of wheeled tractor, if used on land broken up with a hard pan underneath, quickly shows the disadvantage of the light weight, as the wheels spin round and, unless cleverly driven, soon dig themselves in. This disadvantage is absent from the light caterpillar type, and there is no doubt lightness of weight is an advantage because it enables one to even do the seeding with a tractor, which the heavier type is not suited for. At present the fact that the light wheeled type can be quickly stalled if asked to do heavy work with a loose top surface is a disadvantage that requires getting over. The caterpillar type overcomes this, but at present the cost of replacing and keeping up caterpillar tracks is not well defined in this country. I am certain that the caterpillar is a permanent type that has come to stay, but it must be a long fight between the caterpillar track and the simple wheel as to which is generally all round the best. There is another description of motor plough typified by the Fowler-Wykes, Crawley and Moline—all fine ploughing machines—will work anywhere, on almost any kind of field, and charm the ordinary farmer with their small headlands and ease of manoeuvring.

We then have a third type of heavy tractor with one driving wheel only, thus getting rid of the expense and disadvantages of the differential gear, which is well set out in the two types the Bates Steel Mule with a caterpillar track, and the Ivel Hart with a wheel of open spaces which allows it, as it were, to key itself to the ground. Both these machines do good work, are very powerful, but do not like ploughing on the side of a steep hill. For all work except this they are very good and successful. The Ivel Hart combines with it a two-cylinder, two cycle valveless engine, which gives a wonderfully smooth torque, and I should say it is the simplest engine on an agricultural

tractor in the country, having no valves, and no carburettor in the ordinary sense of the word. I think under farm use it would frequently be running well and satisfactorily when the poppet valve engine would be entirely out of business. Neither of these types has been largely used over here yet, but both have considerable advantages in their favour. It must be generally accepted that all tractors are a compromise. There is no one tractor that will do every kind of work equally successfully. All the tractors I have seen will do plenty of good work, but most want coupling up with an intelligent and reasonably sensitive operator. The worst of tractors will do good work with a good man, but the best of tractors without a sympathetic driver will be quickly in trouble. I have never yet had on my farms a tractor that did not do good work when intelligently handled, but frequently the men expect the tractor to look after itself, and never have attention until it completely breaks down; then tractors seem bad. The future of the tractor in agriculture, however, is absolutely certain, and no farmer who has any leaning towards mechanical things ought to rest a minute until he has got one and realised the enormous value to him, a value which, particularly on heavy land, will be quickly translated into vastly increased crops with the power the tractor gives him to cultivate the land as it should be cultivated.

There are in addition many other practical, good machines, like the Bull, Wallis, Parrett, Case, etc., each of which has some special merit and must please a farmer to use if he will learn each type of machine's limitations and advantages. Tractors are like horses: you cannot have a hack, a Derby winner and a Shire all in one animal; each is wanted in its proper place. For discing, harrowing and light cultivating, the light types of tractor, like the M.O.M. and the Dungay-Weeks, stand in a class by themselves, and will do their work more expeditiously and cheaper than anything else. On big farms certainly one wants a big ploughing tractor and one light tractor.—S. F. EDGE.

HAY AND THE MIDDLEMAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of July 21st there is a letter signed "C. A. Miller" which is both misleading and inaccurate. He says: "In the case of hay, it seems to me that an undue share of the return is given to the middleman who, often without handling the hay he has bought from the farmer, is allowed to, and does, make £2 per ton profit in a few days. The producer's outlay is locked up for at least a year, and under the most favourable conditions he cannot see a similar profit." Now for the middleman: he has to pay Government fixed price—£5 10s. per ton; it costs to-day to bring a load of hay home as follows—cutting, 7s. 6d. per ton; string for tying, 3s. 3d.; man and horse, 10s.; in all £1 10s. 9d. Often hay has to be carted home fifteen miles, which means a journey both ways. This brings the cost of the hay to the middleman to £6 10s. 9d.; it must be remembered that the hay in a stack is not all good, but it has to be taken. The Government allow him to charge £7 per ton, or £7 10s. delivered, which may mean a heavy railway carriage or long distance delivery by road. What with bad debts, establishment charges, long credit and high wages, it leaves very little for the middleman. It is a pity before people jump into print that they do not take the trouble to master the subject they write about.—JOHN ASKEW.

ECONOMY AND COAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be obliged if you would tell me of any simple method of making coal dust into briquettes. The probable shortage of coal in the coming winter points to the necessity of using it with the greatest economy, and coal dust is often somewhat difficult to burn satisfactorily when in a loose condition.—ENQUIRER.

[Small coal or coal dust, sawdust and clay may be mixed together until they are of the consistency of mortar, then moulded into convenient brick-like shapes and left to dry. It is practically impossible to light a fire with these briquettes, but they will keep a fire going for a great length of time and give out a strong heat, placed at the back of a grate with coal in front. Coal balls of a more inflammable nature can be made of coal dust and sawdust, moistened with a little paraffin.—ED.]

LIFE IN BRAZIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Readers of COUNTRY LIFE who have recently no doubt felt a reinforced interest in Brazil may care to see this portrait of our local policeman (Pernambuco). His dress is, from a European point of view, somewhat careless, but upon his impassive air no London policeman could improve.—D. JOBSON.



A BRAZILIAN "P.C."

killed caterpillars and blight of other kinds. Trusting that this suggestion may be useful at the present time.—CHARLES HINDLEY.
[Is not our correspondent reasoning on the *post hoc, propter hoc* principle?—ED.]

HARVESTING "WILD" IRISHMEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One of the regrettable features of hay time and corn harvest is the disappearance of the gangs of Irish helpers whose advent in June was hailed with so much satisfaction in most parts of the Midlands. They were always expected, but none could tell the time of their coming, yet early on some fine morning Pat, their leader, popped up from somewhere with his gang of six or seven followers with a sort of "here we are again!" And year after year the whole gang was the same. My grandfather and my father were always ready for them, and their quarters were always a barn with unlimited straw for bedding. Each man carried a carpet bag big enough to sleep in at a pinch, and their tools, sickles and scythes, each blade well wrapped with rags, over their shoulders. They came as if by right to our place, and their leader, Pat, would boast that it was in the teens or a score of years that he had brought the same gang over with only now and then a new man. Each man carried Irish on his face, a sure trade mark apart from his "brogue," and the men I so well have in my mind all came from "County May-o," as they put it. They were out for a six or eight weeks' harvesting, as the weather allowed, and a merrier set of willing workers could not be found. They were dubbed "wild Irishmen" on account of their shouts and antics. They cooked their meals, that is, their extra meals, for their food was always provided from the farmhouse, and their cooking was of the food killed while swinging a scythe or drawing sickle, such as birds and rabbits, supplemented with a hedgehog now and then. They always spoke to one another in a "whisper" which could be heard a whole field away, and they had now and then free and bloody fights for the mere love of fighting. If one hurt the other there were tears and lamentations about it, kisses and "Did I hurt yez, Mike—or Tim?" and no malice was shown afterwards. Every fortnight or so the party sent sums of money to "May-o," and the letters we were expected to write for them were most affectionate and amusing things, consisting of the same sentiments expressed over and over again. The gangs were fine, free, honest fellows, and every Sunday morning they trooped off to Mass in a body, walking there and back, a distance of eight or nine miles each way, arriving back at night merry and with



A "HOME MADE" MOWING MACHINE.

wild whoops. We were always sorry when they went back to "County May-o" after hay and corn harvest, though some at times stayed to help with the "murphies" and other crops. They were hearty, warm-hearted fellows, and their numbers only grew less with the advent of machines and more machines. They always walked from the port of their landing to their destination, and now they have practically ceased to come and the name "wild Irishman" is a dying memory.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

CHILDREN AND THE SEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to the accompanying photograph, a friend who saw the little girl on her first visit to the sea, and when she first paddled in it, writes as follows: "Has a child any instinctive dread of the sea? This little one of three was taken to it for the first time and left without instructions. She walked into the tiny wavelets and stood looking down in great wonder and watching 'the moving waters at their priestlike task,' then five minutes after the wonder gave place to ecstasy, she turned to look at her mother and this 'snap' was taken. No, the child heart is at home with 'that immortal sea that brought us hither.'"—J. R. G.

A KHAKI CHAMPION.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—"Mate ahoy there! Where hev ye coom frae, an' what are ye daen wi that ere poke?" The strong accent of the speaker at once betrayed his Yorkshire origin, although he was dressed in a sailor's garb: but, though his speech betrayed him, he was understood by his hearer who was wearing a khaki uniform. Early in the war they had listened to their Country's call, and now met casually, having no previous acquaintance, though the "house of call" for which they were respectively making, served the purpose of a more formal introduction. The man in khaki proceeded to satisfy the curiosity of his interrogator as to the large bundle he was carrying in an ordinary sack "Ah wur at the front," quoth he, "but t' doctors sent me back, and ah've bin i' Agricultural battalion. They sent me oot farming, and noo they've gan an insooled khaki an ah's off! Ah've gitten a' my things i' t'poke. Ah want hev khaki insooled, so ah joost oop an off." "But you giv em warning I suppose?" returned the other. "Not me!" replied the aggrieved one. "When they insooled khaki ah'd hev nae mair on it. Ah putten things i' t'poke, an am gannin back to battalion, an main glad ah'll be to git there. Ah want hev khaki insooled!" "Did you know aught aboot agricultur?" interpolated the sailor-man. "Not me," replied the soldier, "Ah knawd naething at a' aboot it." "What was yer daeing afore t'war?" then queried the other. "Ah was a moving gardener," replied the Tommy, "Ah was nivir an agriculturist, but ah want hev khaki insooled, and so ah'm gannin back." "Coom an lets hev a sup," said his new friend, and so the discussion ended in a manner satisfactory to them both.—KITTIWAKE.

HER FIRST VENTURE.

AN INGENIOUS MACHINE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Perhaps one of the most ingenious bits of machinery ever seen is depicted in the photograph. It is the "very latest" type of mowing machine, and is perhaps the cheapest and best ever seen on a farm. It will cut an acre an hour, only consumes half a gallon of paraffin per acre, and may be seen at work any day on the Bishop Meadow Farm, near Loughborough, Leicestershire. It consists of a portion of an old touring motor car (purchased for £5), an ordinary grass mower, which cost £6, and an old radiator, which was purchased from a marine store for 30s.—J. A. M.

LORD SHEFFIELD'S PILLAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR—This pillar was erected by a former Earl of Sheffield to mark what he believed to be the exact centre of Sussex. It is by the roadside, just outside the railings of Sheffield Park and much overgrown and scarcely noticeable. The pillar is about 6ft. high and does not appear to bear any inscription.

The real centre of Sussex, however, is said to be on Chailey Common, a mile and a half further south.—B. K.



THE CASE OF THE WAITING VOLUNTEER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Among the many "catch" words of war days none is so loudly or so often heard as "Service." It is printed and written on letters, it is hurled from platform and pulpit, and it waits for the open eye in every street. The call to Service for King and Country sounds and resounds, with ceaseless iteration, throughout the land to all who have ears to hear, and from thousands of men and women alike a full response has been given. From Post Office and hoarding, railroad and market cross, the Government posters still calling to "Service" have been little short of an inspiration to many a woman who has seen in them a longed-for opportunity of taking her rightful and active share in the colossal struggle

WHERE IS THE MIDDLE OF SUSSEX?

raging throughout the world. We have been told, "Your Country needs you," and we have most of us replied, "Here am I, send me"; and have duly filled in our yellow forms with pride and glad anticipation, and slipped them into the pillar-box. We have counted the days and waited quietly, then impatiently as they passed into weeks, and at last anxiously, as, having refused other and less necessary "jobs" because we implicitly believed the need was so great, we find the problem of unemployment becoming serious. New hoardings appear with their same emphatic demand—will we not at least give part of our time, an hour or two a day, to help the farmers?—and we read the same old thing about food production, the same appeal to our honour. Once again we hasten to make enquiry, and once again the strangling red tape of Government machinery enmeshes us. "Oh, yes!" we are told. "Call again, will you? We shall no doubt be ready for you in a fortnight." And again we wait.

I do not doubt that these experiences are common to a great many women, and that I, personally, have not suffered alone. England calls to her educated women, but for these she is least prepared. We are told there is room and work for all; in fact, all are needed. Therefore, believing ourselves to be best fitted for outdoor work, we volunteer with the results I have described.

We have been advised by Employment Bureaux and Societies to try to work privately by gardening, and we find that less than a housemaid's wage is usually offered. We expostulate, and are told with injured dignity that we are ignoring the fact that "a cottage with some furniture in it" is thrown in. As we are required to give ten hours' work a day (dinner hour allowed), it is with some impatience that we ask ourselves who is to cook, and do at least that amount of cleaning necessary to enable us to live slightly above the level of the pony we are asked to tend. "Gardening is so thoroughly suitable for ladies," they tell us at the Labour Bureau. "Why should you not try this post?" We did so, and spent some months working in the large Manor House gardens of Lord —, on the outskirts of a small village two

miles from its nearest neighbour and two miles from the railway. Perhaps we were particularly unfortunate. We hope so. The only people living in the village, beside the villagers, spent only a few months of the year there, and the rest on the coast. A small wage made it impossible to procure books, and eleven hours' work a day left one too tired in the evening to walk where one could see another village than the one we walked through six times each day. Of course, such a life had its humorous side, seeing that one shared a dustbin amicably with one's next door neighbour, saw him shaved outside one's back door every Sunday morning, and helped him to persuade his pig to go the way he wished down the village street.

I am not, however, concerned with that in a letter of this description, and I think most "understanding" women will readily and sympathetically agree that such a life is not "livable" when lack of means makes it impossible to go back to golf or the companionship of the old home life, when one is tired even of the humour of the dustbin and the shave! The conditions I have described are absolutely true, and of my own experiencing, and that they are not rare I am convinced. I therefore write in the hope that someone will explain their *raison d'être* and perhaps be able to offer advice to some of the many women who are facing these difficulties and who are not only ready and willing, but intensely anxious to work on the land to increase the nation's food supply.—A WAITING VOLUNTEER.

ON THE EASTERN FRONT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a couple of chameleons employed in the cookhouse to assist the sanitary officer in straining flies. Chameleons are plentiful here, but flies, unfortunately, are still more plentiful, and the existing stock of chameleons is totally inadequate for the work in hand. The chameleon on the brim of the helmet has a long accurate drive with his tongue, but muffs his short strokes, while the smaller one on top is excellent at short mashie approach shots and "putts."

—C. S. JARVIS.

THE LIQUOR RESTRICTIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As a constant reader of your interesting paper I trust you will forgive me making a short comment on one paragraph of your "Country Notes" of July 28th, as to the Report on the Commission on the Causes of Industrial Unrest. You say: "In some districts there is a tendency to rebel against the liquor restrictions, and that in the West Midlands there is a demand for a further supply of beer of an acceptable quality, and that this holds true of other districts, but that in Scotland the subject is never mentioned, which is gratifying in regard to a country not supposed to lean to teetotalism." My point is that beer is considered by the workers of England as part of their daily food, and they like it good and fresh; it is a delicate commodity and loses its flavour and freshness after being drawn for any considerable time, hence the English workers resent the hardship of not being able to get beer at reasonable hours and of the usual quality. Now in Scotland the national drink is whisky, and the restriction of hours, etc., does not apply with equal force, as whisky is so much more easily handled and is not so susceptible to deterioration when kept open for any long period.—E. M.

CHAMELEONS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.



ROMANY LASSES: THE ROMANY LADS ARE AT THE WAR.

A GIFSY CAMP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—There are a few country scenes and sights which the war has not affected, or seems not to have affected. One of these is the gipsies. Perhaps you can find room for a family group. When I come to look at them I see, however, that they are mostly women and children, like the rest of the world.—M. R.